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As you read my thought - may =
 = they make you glad
 and reveal to you some
 trace of "Dad"

Loveingly yours
 The author

Deception etc
 7/5th day Jan'y 1904 J. B. Stearns
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My Hopes and My Heroes

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My Hopes and My Heroes

BY

FRANK B. STEARNS.

"DAD"



Illustrations by
C. L. SMITH.



DECATUR, ILL.

1903

Copyright, 1903
By F. B. STEARNS

FIRST EDITION

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INSCRIPTION.



THE MERCHANT ON THE ROAD.

To you, the rank and file of all I love the most:
 Who call me "Dad", and never say "mine host"—
 The Merchant on the Road, from near and from afar—
 To you I dedicate this book, for what you really are
 To me not only, but to all the world at large.
 Who form the skirmish line, the onslaught and the charge:
 Fighting the Nation's battle, for commerce and for trade—
 No road too rough, no steep too high, no stream too deep to wade.

Your very calling keeps your genius bright, and makes your nerve
Equal to any task: nor will it let you swerve:
And ever looking up and on and never looking down:
You take no heed of trouble, nor fear Dame Fortune's frown.
The hands and ready feet are you, of commerce and of trade—
An all important factor, by your true effort made.
In every phase of active life, your power and presence tend
To make your house, your trade, yourself, in harmony to blend.
With grit and grip, you span the world's tremendous girth:
And bring in close commercial touch, the utmost ends of earth.
Nor time nor place can limit you—with whip and spur and goad,
You drive the Commerce of the world—The Merchant on the Road.
You build the bridge of confidence, twixt nations far apart;
And bind them close together, state to state and mart to mart.
The foundation stone of credit—basic principle of trade;
Shows the imprint of your genius, and the effort you have made.
War is now replaced by peacefulness, fore'er opposed to greed;
Nations bow in meek submission, to the common law of need.
Hand in hand they march together, sharing each the other's load:
While they honor life's great conquest, of My Hero on the Road.



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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Merchant on the Road	8
Queen of Gentleness	17
To H. B. Walter	19
To My Brothers Boniface	21
Discontent	23
A Hotel Incident	24
Mince Pié	27
In Memory of the Boys	28
Childhood Days	30
A New Year's Gift	33
Why We All Resemble Washington	34
May The Saints Adoore Our Teddy	36
Sir Knight W. S. Schley	40
O'Reilly's Cow	42
A Souvenir	44
Uncle Rube	46
No	47
Christmas Eve Away From Home	50
A Weary One	52
The Romance of A Rosebush	54
The Sun's Rays	60
St. Patrick	62
The Bloomin', Bloody Kopje	64
The Bronze Button	66
A Hotel Man's Dream	68
Charlie's Christmas	71
A Bottle of Cheer	74
Sousa's Wacht a'm Rhein	75
Der Dwo Villiums	80
Life's Sorrows and Joys	83
What the Nation Expects	84
The Porpoise	86
General Fitzhugh Lee	89
Patience	91

CONTENTS

PAGE

This Jolly World	93
The North Wind	95
What My Mother Is To Me	101
An Old Man's Christmas	103
Der Pull Tog	105
The Corn Belt	106
In Memory of Orlando Powers	107
To Amelia Dent Tower	109
The Irish Fusilier	110
T. P. A. Auxiliary	112
The Passing of Prestige	114
Our Golden Wedding	116
The Ban of Fate	119
The Angel Boy	120
Uncle Sam to Cousin Joe	122
Uncle Joe	124
The Old Folks at Home	126
Fable of the Lion and Bull Dog	128
For Him and For Them	131
Yez'll Iver Be Ted	132
Chicago River	133
Twenty-four and Three Score	134
The Millennium	137
"Dad's" Delight	139
The Decatur Cadets	141
Our Droubles	143
The Promise of Nations	145
How They Register	147
Ben and Joe	149
A Dream of Freedom	150
Frank and Dell	154
Mary Magdalene	157
The Source of Goodness	158
Helen Miller Gould	159
Uncle Ben's Idees	160
A Christmas Wish	162

CONTENTS

PAGE

Your Golden Wedding	164
A Valentine	165
Millikin University	166
My Groom and I	168
Morg. Hawley's Tater Hole	171
Der Kaiser and Ungel Sam	176
Stephen Decatur	178
To Mrs. Kate Gale	179
With Best Respects of Mr. Gilligan	180
Carnegie's Gift to Decatur	181
An Indian Idyl	183
Clarence Mann	185
The Kicker	187
Grace	189
Old Recollections	190
Thanksgiving	195
The Sparrow	196
To John Donaldson	198
The Passing of A Century	199
Trixie	201
Our Departed Comrades	202
By and Bye	203
Mr. Gilligan's Oidees	205
Uncle John Says	207
Unwritten Law	209
To the Queen of Kaliphs	210
Departed Heroes	212
Blubb'ring Bill	215
The Man With the Hod	219
To W. E. Stearns	220
Lines to C. L. Smith	221
The Bald Eagle of the Maumee	222
Lines to Wm. Alden Smith	223
A Letter to "Dad"	224
Index	225
Finis	228

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
Frontispiece	4
The Merchant on the Road	8-9
Queen of Gentleness	16
H. B. Walter	19
May the Saints Adore Our Teddy	37
The Brooklyn at Santiago	40
The Romance of a Rosebush	57
The Sun's Rays	60
Sousa's Wacht a'm Rhein	77
Der Dwo Villiums	80
The North Wind	97
What My Mother Is To Me	100
First Presbyterian Church, Decatur	117
The Millennium	136
Frank and Dell	154
Morg. Hawley's Tater Hole	173
Der Kaiser und Ungel Sam	176
Old Recollections	193
Departed Heroes	212
"Dad"	229

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„The sweetest things were
from thy love.”

QUEEN OF GENTLENESS.

Not all these thoughts of fleeting years are mine alone;
Nor in my inmost soul have found their birth.
The sweetest things were from thy love that shone
Into my heart, revealing all the purest things of earth.

Had I not known you, first as sweetheart, then as wife;
Had you not loved me in your steadfast way,
And constant been, through years of care and strife,
Had you not robbed the nights of sadness—brighter
made each day,

I know too well my heart had not been half so warm;
So tender to the world, and all mankind;
But harder grown, and cold, from blighting storm,
And chilling wind, which every human heart is sure to
find.

A title, fitting, now, my heart inscribes to you.
That thou art mine, inspires me to express
The better things; made plain to me, and true,
Through what you are to me, my wife—My
“QUEEN OF GENTLENESS.”



TO H. B. WALTER.

When the first born doth come, the father's life to bless,
To fill the mother's heart with new found tenderness,
They look into its eyes and face, with love aflame,
And seek within their anxious hearts to find its name.

With love akin to theirs, I searched, a name to find
For all these dreams, but none came to my mind,
Until "My Hopes and Heroes" in your heart found rest
And gave my thoughts the name that suited them the
best.

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TO MY BROTHERS BONIFACE.

When Adam and Eve the Garden left, begun the Landlord's day;

Mankind, henceforth a wanderer, must have a place to stay.

There had to be a Boniface, for when old Adam fell,
He made at once imperative, the Landlord and hotel.

Since that sad day, the Wayside Inn—long and low and quaint;

Without pretense of ornament, of sculpture, art or paint;
To this age of lofty granite pile, with graceful sweep and swell;

The landlord's fate has been the same, he's had to keep hotel.

From then till now the landlord, has filled a trying place—
To keep in touch and time and tune, with Adam's wand'ring race.

From dainty dame, to knight of fame, and men of high degree,

They all have shared his bed and care, and hospitality.

Since belted knight in armor cried—"What, ho! I say within;

Bestir thyself goodfellow; make good and hot the gin."

Today when automobiles—machines of wondrous art—
Roll grandly to the plate glass door, and fill with awe our heart;

To My Brothers Boniface

At dashing belle of beauty; or worldly wise old sage;
Or perhaps a Pierpont Morgan, the wonder of the age;
Or lords of all creation, and a foreign prince as well;
The Landlord has the same old job—he simply keeps
hotel.

Both millionaire and pauper, have passed within his door;
To share his warmth and shelter, from the cold and rains
that pour;
And partaking of his cheer and care of out and inner
man—
It's kept the Landlord hustling, as landlords only can.

Then let us all be satisfied—not pessimists in mind;
Nor weary of our calling, though it be the same old
grind;
So when Gabriel blows his trump, with us 'twill all be
well;
And the Judge can say to Peter—Let them in, they
kept hotel.

DISCONTENT.

We hunger most for fruit's that are forbidden;
Our sigh is deepest for the joys we do not know;
We seek with earnest search for riches that are hidden
By him that doeth all things well. Why is it so?

Insatiate are the longings of the human heart;
The greed that dominates the average human soul,
That stubbornly refuses e'en a generous part
And loses much, because it could not gain the whole.

'Tis this makes poverty a blessing, a needed thing
To teach the human heart a lesson it must learn,
Strength and wisdom through experience, it will bring,
And still the heart, with hope that it may cease to
yearn.

The rock of selfishness by disappointment may be rent,
And open up a crevice wide, from which shall flow
A stream that sweetly bears away our discontent.
Then we with all-submissive heart can say, " 'tis better
so."

Then we, by failure taught, may reach that higher plane,
And reason, with her helping hand, shall lead us up
To where we single out that part that has least pain,
And drinking, leave the dregs that partly fill our cup.

A HOTEL INCIDENT.



There was only one room left in the house, and one train
yet was due,
Which had always brought in one or two, as the anxious
night clerk knew.
Just then the lumbering bus drove up in front of the hotel
door,
And the lonely traveler heard the words: "There is room
for just one more."

He was a monstrous man to look at, a giant in point of
size.
Any one could tell by a simple glance into his dark gray
eyes
That he was a real old rounder, that no tender-foot
was he;
A man of wit and resource and was full of iniquity.

"Front," says the man behind the desk, "show the gentle-
man sixty-eight."
When the giant remarks, "No call, sir, I guess I'll sleep
quite late."
And soon the bell-hop, key in hand, unlocks the creaking
door:—
"My God!" says the man for sixty-eight, "hear that
sixty-seven snore."

Sixty-eight, in about a minute, was covered up in bed,
And fifteen minutes later, wished sixty-seven was dead.
Such wheezing, whistling, and a grunt, and then a mighty
roar.
"Great Scott!" screams number sixty-eight, "I never
heard the like before."



A Hotel Incident

Poor sixty-eight tried hard to sleep, but alas 'twas of
no use;
The sounds that belched from sixty-seven were like a
drove of hogs let loose.
Sixty-eight arose, stole softly out, with his gray eyes
full of gore;
And knocking hard, cries, "It's six o'clock," at sixty-
seven's door.



"Are you awake?" asks sixty eight, sixty-seven says
"all right."
Then sixty-eight steals softly back, like a thief at dead
of night.
Sixty-seven, feeling ugly, comes grumbling down the
stair,
And after one look at the clock, you ought to heard him
swear:

"What kind of a hotel is this? I've a mind to break your
head.
Show me that fool of a bell-boy that roused me from
my bed;
And I want to see the landlord, that old duffer they
call 'Dad';
I'll tell him what I think of him and The Decatur too,
you cad."

The night clerk tried to make amends and the bell-
hops swore outright,
That they had not called a single soul in all that blessed
night,
So back to his bed went sixty-seven, as the clock was
striking two,
And the words he spoke as he went upstairs, made
everything look blue.



A Hotel Incident

Next morning early, sixty-eight met a friend of many a
day,
And arm in arm they stepped to the bar in the regulation
way.

"I'm not feeling well," says sixty-eight, "I slept ne'er
a wink last night.

The way the brute next to me snored, it was a holy
fright."

"But you bet yer life I beat him—I'll just tell you what
I done;

I got up and pounded on his door and called six o'clock,
at one."

"You did, you low down reprobate—I was the man in
sixty-seven."

"Well, what if you are—I'm sixty-eight—drink, shake
and we'll be even."



MINCE PIE.

Some days your clothes don't fit you
As they did the day before,
There's nothing seems to hit you
Right, your neck is collar sore.

You feel a gravel in your shoe,
A suspender button's gone,
Your shirt it sticks to you like glue,
You feel you're all undone.

There's just no use in talking,
Now and then there comes a day
When everything is balking
And the mischief is to pay.

When a christian wants to swear
And saint is like a sinner,
You don't even think of prayer,
Of faith not e'en a glimmer.

You just long for night to come,
And at night you sigh for morn,
Your heart grows so sick of home,
You regret that you were born.

After searching 'round awhile
For the reason, you descry
That your liver's full of bile
Caused by eating hot mince pie.

IN MEMORY OF THE BOYS.

I am thinking of the heroes who wore the blue and gray,
Whose deeds so grand in history, the scales of time shall
weigh
And they will not find them wanting, when judgment
shall be passed
The name they won America, forevermore shall last.

It matters not which side they took, they fought and bled
and fell;
They fill the graves of heroes, and no words can ever tell
The devotion and the courage that Columbia calls her
own
In her they dwell—they're ours by birth—the grandest
ever known.

I wonder where they are today, such souls can never die.
The breath of life, God gave to them, means all eternity.
Though they fought against each other, today they must
be one,
In spite of errors and their strifes, around the great white
throne.

Perhaps that Stonewall Jackson and little Sheridan too,
Walk hand in hand in sweet accord, forever brothers
true,
In that land of broader reason, forgetting wars and woes,
And that fierce strife of sixty-one, that turned these
friends to foes.

In Memory of the Boys

Who knows but Lee and Grant, now one, are sitting side
by side,
Cemented in that brotherhood, which forever shall abide;
That shall bear sweet fruits of union, of soul and heart
and hand.
Revealing that spirit to all the sons of Freedom's holy
land.

I love to think the rank and file who wore the gray and
blue
And have crossed the deep, dark river, at last are com-
rades true.
No more to be divided, but forever one to be,
As God Himself, has promised us, through His eternity.

TO OUR FUTURE.

With a prayer for our future and a sigh for the years
That saw us divided in blood and in tears,
Oh, today let America, by her God-given birth,
Be united in purpose, the hope of the earth.



CHILDHOOD'S DAYS.



A letter came the other day from the village once my
home,
Where I spent many happy days ere I began to roam.
Dear boyhood's days and boyhood's scenes, how dear to
one and all,
The frolics and the pleasures and the fun I now recall.

How well do I remember now each spot and winding
way,
The "ten foot hole" in which I swam, on many a sum-
mer's day;
Benton's woods and pasture ground; the Widow
Griswold's grove;
Dwight Hart's brook and Sandy creek with many a
shady cove.



And how we used to slide down hill on the main street
of the town,
From Uncle Peter's cross the creek, regardless of the
frown
Of Manford Tucker, Beyerle and Liger Oatman, too,
Who said we were the meanest boys that ever mortal
knew.

I used to think Seth Gaylord's cart the wonder of the age,
On many a night we stole it, regardless of his rage.
And Rufe Van Wormer's anvil was gun enough for us,
Then Rufe would say: "Them devilish boys, they are
not worth a cuss."



On a dark and stormy evening, the rain came down in
sheets,
The walks were wet and sloppy and darkness filled the
streets,

Childhood's Days

As homeward Deacon Harmon went—you all knew
Deacon well—
We hitched a rope fast to the knob of John H. Whipple's
bell.

The rope we fastened to a tree, four inches from the
ground,
When Deacon, he came walking by, his toe the rope it
found.
The bell, it rang like forty, Mother Whipple she ran out
And cried, "You horrid sinner, what on earth are you
about?"

I can see Cal Totman's tavern across from Grinnell's
store,
And remember, how on circus days Vest Totman always
swore
He could whip the bully showman, one hand behind his
back;
And Ike Washburn, with the big black bear which fol-
lowed Isaac's track.

Old Deacon Stone and Doctor Webb with old white
horse and gig;
And old Rat Hale, with clean shaved face, a fussing
with his wig;
Dear Uncle Andrew Blackstone, "I never!" he would say,
When we boys had changed his front gate for one across
the way.

How stately Jerry Griswold looked on Sunday in his
pew.

No man could help respecting him, with dignity so true;
Good Deacon Doane, oh how he prayed, first soft and
then so loud;
And Jedediah Burchard, too, whose sermons drew such
crowds.



Childhood's Days



And Uncle William Doxtater sitting there in front,
With pipe in hand, and ready with his "dom it, no I
won't;"

And then old Henry Whitcomb, in sleet and snow and
rain,

A running to the depot to start the clock again.

I call to mind old Calvin Fox, who used to ring the bell;
Who lived in mortal dread of us, for one could never
tell

What might occur at midnight hour the third day of
July,

For we were sure to celebrate or know the reason why.

I recall dear Uncle Peter, who lived upon the hill,
Who helped, in love and tenderness, so many graves to
fill.

I watched with him the night he died and closed his
brave old eyes.

And well I mark his resting place, till God shall bid him
rise.

We all remember Deacon Bond, so Godlike, yet a man,
And Deacon Stone, so faithfully the Christian race they
ran.

They now are one in sympathy, have heard the words,
"well done,"

At God's right hand, by love divine, forever more are one.

And poor, old Laura Bassett, neglected and alone,
In her sadness and dejection, but still she struggled on.
Her battle was a silent one, but none the less 'twas brave.
Perhaps the way is clearer in her home beyond the grave.

In recollections of the past I love to wander on
And let my thoughts renew the joys, now many years
agone,

Recalling every name and spot, and each familiar scene
I knew and loved so long ago, still in my memory green.



A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

"A Happy New Year," said a wee small one,
Whose journey of life had but just begun.
But the tangled web of the future years,
With its days of sorrow and bitter tears,
She could not see.

"A Happy New Year," a fair maiden cried,
As a coming joy she thought she espied;
No faithless lover nor sorrow she knew,
For all was rosey to her dazzled view.
Thus hoped she.

"A Happy New Year," said a stalwart boy,
His youth and his courage had no alloy,
No failure in life should be his fate,
And he fearlessly knocked at fame's high gate.
For him all things should be.

"A Happy New Year," said one, who for years
Had seen the world through scalding tears,
Her head bowed low with many a sorrow,
With heart brim full of fears for the morrow.
Must such things be?

"A Happy New Year," said an aged one,
Whose sands of life were almost run;
But he spoke the wish with sad misgiving,
For he had tasted the fruits of living.

Oh! Is there a "land of infinite light,"
A new-year of days with never a night,
A place of rest where we all can go?
We have God's word that it shall be so.

WHY WE ALL RESEMBLE WASHINGTON.

I am my mother's darling boy, her constant joy and pride,
And she loves me, oh! so dearly, because I never lied.
I'm just like Georgie Washington, with his little hatchet,
But I know that if I told a lie, from dad I'd surely catch it.



"What time did you get home last night?" said father to the son,
And then George rose in all his truth, like our great Washington
" 'Twas half past nine, dear father," and he looked him in the eye,
And said, with hand upon his heart, "I cannot tell a lie."



"How old are you?" the lawyer asked a witness on the stand.
She looked up sweetly in his face, then raised her dainty hand,
"I'm twenty-seven, sir," she said, "the first of next July."
The judge, he smiled unto himself, to hear the woman lie.

"I will always love you darling, and be both fond and true,
I never loved another girl on all this earth but you."
And as she turned her face to him—a kiss—he quickly snatched it.
And then she gave herself away to the man who had the hatchet.



Why We All Resemble Washington

The lady heard the door bell ring and said, with angry sigh,

"I wonder who on earth that is!" then fire gleamed in her eye—

"Why don't that woman stay at home! Oh! she is such a bore."

But she seemed so glad to see her, and kissed her at the door.

"I want a nice warm room with bath, the best the house affords."

"Sure," said the landlord, blandly, with soft and honeyed words;

"I will fix you up in comfort, with bath and nice warm fire."

But the man came down next morning and said he was a liar.

Most men will go a fishing and wade the stream all day,
And fish with liver, worms and net, or any other way,
Then buy their fish at any price and look you in the eye
And swear by all that's holy, that they caught them on a fly.

But when we reach the judgment, at the call of Gabriel's blast,

I wonder if the time and place will bring the truth at last.
I reckon there will be a few who'll face that awful eye,
And stand up straight and swear outright, they never told a lie.



MAY THE SAINTS ADORE OUR TEDDY.

[Written on Inauguration Day, 1901.]

Begorra! our Teddy's the pride av the nation;
As hunter and shtatesman, he bates all av creation.
It's tigers an' lions, grizzly bears an' the loike,
All mate ther same ind, phin he comes down the poike.

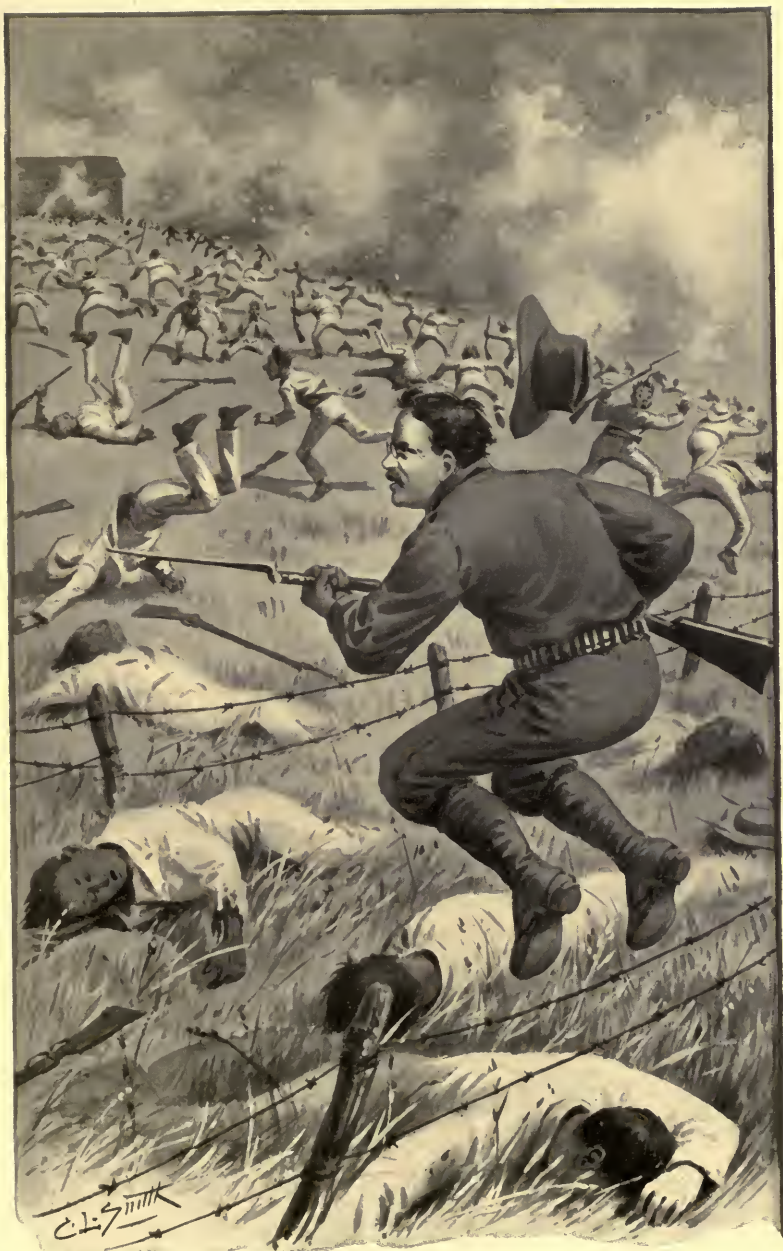
'Twas the saim wid bould Teddy down at El Caney,
Wid his rough ridin' byes, so plucky and gamey;
Wid the devil's own courage he charged up that hill,
If thim Dons hadn't run, he'd be chargin' them shtill.

An' luk at him now a cavoortin' an' prancin',
An' kapin' the lions of Col'rado all dancin'.
Oh, murther an' blaizes! our Teddy's a wonder,
A caution to lightnin' and the equal av thunder.

Phin it comes to matthers of shtait legislation,
He goouverned Noo York widout tribulation,
In naval affairs, be gobs, he was handy;
An' at civil reformin', oh, he waz a dandy.

At home whackin' bulls on the plains av Montany;
Or a bowld sojer bye in front av Havanny;
He's an author av books an' a man av grait pairts;
All the ladies adoore him—God bliss his dear hairt.

As Vice Prisdint, Ted is near the tip top,
Wid the gait he has an him, God knows phare he'll shtop.
But phare iver he goes, he'll win glory an' fame,
An' the devil will miss him, for Teddy's his naime.



"Wid the divil's own courage he chairged up that hill."

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THE BROOKLYN AT SANTIAGO.

SIR KNIGHT W. S. SCHLEY.

Hero of Santiago—none other has
The right
To that proud name; 'twas you who won
The fight.
No power on earth can wrest from you
Your fame;
Safe in the people's heart, they will defend
Thy name.

Sir Knight W. S. Schley

Now, after years of service—by sea and
 Tempest tossed
With not one spark of your knighthood dimmed
 Or lost—
The Sir Knights of the universe give you to wear
 This crest:
Hero of Santiago—and their love as a haven
 Of rest.



O'REILLY'S COW.

O'id bin radin' in the papers
 Monny a toime av late,
 Thot it's not good far onny wan
 To be atin' too mooch mate.
 An' they do be a sayin'—
 Oi don't know af it be thrue—
 Thot atin' oats and all the loike,
 Is the bist thing far to do.

It rades thot, if ye ate thim
 Far fifty years or more,
 Ye'll live to be an ould, ould mon—
 If yez don't die before.
 I was radin it to Maggie,
 And she said to me, "Now Pat,
 Far the litle childer's sake
 Let us gat some o' that."

So I spoke to Grane, the grocer,
 And axed him would he moind
 To sind us somples av the shtuff,
 A paper av aich koind;
 Oi knowed that there woz sivral koinds,
 An' we'd not choose in haste,
 But gat what Maggie loiked the bist
 Whin av thim she would taste.



Thot night whin Oi got home from woork—
 O, hivens! what a soight,
 Oi thought thot Oi had lost me moind
 An' begorrah, well Oi moight;
 The yaird wuz filled wid pairsels.
 As high oop as me chin,

O'Reilly's Cow

So monny were befoore the doore
Thot Oi could not gat in.

Maggie called from out the doore,
"The grocer brot thim, Pat,
An sayed he'd bring the rist av thim
Whin we had sompled that."
Oi didn't know joost what she mint,
But soon Oi undershtood,
These pairsels war the samples
Av thot dommed brickfast food.

There ware so monny koinds av thim,
No two av thim the same;
'Twould make a wise mon crazy,
Af he had to rade aich name.
We couldn't get thim in the house,
So we lift thim all outside;
Thot night O'Reilly's cow broke in—
She ate the shtuff and died.

Oi told O'Reilly Oi'd go to law
Fer what his cow did ate—
He said thot Oi could have the cow,
And now we're atin mate.



A SOUVENIR.

(Read at the G. A. R. banquet at Big Rapids, Mich., 1897.)

Forgetting all anger and sectional strife;
Remembering only the victories won;
Glory in liberty, our nation's life,
The grandest that e'er the sun shone on.

The nation points with solemn pride
To the graves of her sacred dead.
Ye mighty legions who fought and died,
Freedom keeps step with your silent tread.

For her we battled on many a plain
Imbued with purpose that knew no fear;
The comrades who sleep, now wake again
In the loving hearts that gather here.

May treason's track be forever lost
In the broad road of union and state;
And both Blue and Gray, a peaceful host,
Be sheltered at last by heaven's gate.

AFTER THE BANQUET.

In eighteen hundred and sixty-one
We fell in line to the tap of the drum;
We slept on the ground and ate "sowbelly,"
But now we revel in chicken and jelly.

We marched all day in the dust and heat;
Today we take ease in a dinner seat.
We stood guard duty the livelong night;
But now we can sleep 'till the morning's bright.

A Souvenir

The bugle may call and the drums may rattle,
This is our retreat, we're not out for battle.
We've all got a furlough that needs no extension
And when we play out we can all draw a pension.

Then here's to the flag and the Boys in Blue,
Our mothers and daughters and sweethearts true.
They're the chosen of God, the hope of the Nation,
They're the first and best of His creation.



UNCLE RUBE.

I mos' wish I'se back in slabery,
 Yes sah, I do.
 An' I'se been a free niggah ebry day
 Since sixty-two.
 Spose I orter be thankful de good
 Lawd set me free,
 But I kain't see no powful good dat
 Freedom's done fo' me.



When Massa, he took caah of me, I
 Had a Sunday coat,
 An' shoes, an' hat, an cabin snug, now I'se
 Nuffin' 'cep my vote.
 One white man say—"You vote foh me
 An' I will stan' by you,"
 Nudder say he gimme dollah—he's de bes'
 Un ob de two.

No cabin like dey uster be, an chillen
 Roun' de doah;
 Ole Massa gone to hebben! nuffin's good
 As 'twas befoah,
 I'se nuffin' lef' but freedom, an' nuffin'
 Mo' to come—
 Dis yer niggah's jes a waitin' foh de
 Lawd to take him home.



NO.

When I was but a wee, young thing,
So many years ago,
It seemed that to each fond desire
There always was a No.
It is the same with me today
And ever has been so,
Be my wish whate'er it may,
There comes a cruel No.

As a babe, I always wanted
To swallow pins and things,
But mother ever would insist
That I eats rubber rings.
When I a little older grew,
I was a happy kid
If I could smear my clothes with mud;
You know what mother did.

And then a little later on,
'Fore apples were yet ripe,
I loved to gorge myself with them;
But O, how they would gripe.
I didn't like to go to school,
But father said I should,
And whenever I played 'hookey'
He set me sawing wood.



No



I loved to read those yellow books,
Which made me long to go
Away out west, to shoot wild beasts,
And do up poor old 'lo;
But father soon dissuaded me
From doing such a thing—
And his dissuasion was so strong
That I still feel the sting.

The time came when, to be a man,
I thought that I must smoke,
But what the old man did to me—
You bet it was no joke.
I thought I'd like to be a sport,—
Blushing, I acknowledge,
My father wouldn't have it so,
But sent me to college.

When I from college had returned
And everything did know,
I thought I'd go to congress, but
The ballots, they said No.
I loved a darling little girl
And with her thought to wed,
Though she said yes, her dad said No—
O, how I wished him dead.

In course of time I married, and
A father got to be;
I'd wished that I might have a son—
Such joy was not for me.
My daughter is now married too;
With my consent? No sir,
Though I chose for her a banker,
She did wed a grocer.



No

And so it has been all through life,
Whate'er my wants might be,
I was denied my every wish;
Why is it? I can't see.
Now, when I reach the pearly gates
And I, my passport show,
I wonder if they'll say to me:
"What, let you in?—No, No."



CHRISTMAS EVE AWAY FROM HOME.

That night the boys seemed pensive, 'twas the eve of
Christmas day,
And in my heart I knew the cause, their thoughts were
far away,
Wishing for home and fireside, so dear to every life,
The safeguard of the human soul in its world of care
and strife.

'Tis God alone, the Father, looks deep down in each
heart,
To plant therein the seeds of love, that yield that precious
part
Of every life, its beauty, something for which we crave;
So sacred and so lasting that it lives beyond the grave.

The youth who had before him a future fair and wide,
And longed to spend that Christmas eve with sweetheart
by his side;
The fathers thought of wife and babe, a father's first
delight,
Showed by their softened features what they wanted
most that night.

And he who had so many for whom to strive and care,
You could see the marks of struggle, in the silver of his
hair—
I knew his heart was hungering for his home and Christ-
mas cheer
For as he said good night to me he wiped away a tear.

Christmas Eve Away From Home

One was hungering for his mother, who had grown again
a child;
Who needed him as he did her in boyhood days so wild.
He felt the joy she gave to him that made his childhood
bright
Was what he longed to give to her, upon this Christmas
night.

And he who bore the marks of time, with tottering step
and slow,
Those unmistakable signs of age and life-sands running
low
Tho' all he loved had gone before and he was left alone,
Perhaps a beam of Christmas cheer from heaven on him
shone.

And to him who has no family ties, no home for Christ-
mas cheer,
Thrice welcome he to our Christmas, we rejoice that he
is here.
May his heart be cheated of a sigh, and robbed of every
pain,
Forgetting all his troubles, and be a boy again.

Oh, sweet and hallowed Christmas time, that marks the
day and birth
Of him who died on Calvary through love for all the
earth,
Making us love our loved ones more, loving ourselves
the less
We catch from Him the spark that makes the warmth of
tenderness.

A WEARY ONE.

(In Memory of a Dear Friend who died by his own hand.)

At last my path has come to two diverging roads,
My feet so weary and my heart so faint I fain would
rest;
Thus far I've born without complaint, my heavy load;
I know not which to take, of these two paths, which is
the best.

One is broad and filled with those who make a mighty
throng.
Some are weary, like me they totter; few with steady
stride;
Others, careless of the future, give vent to mirth and
song;
Some, so full of hope, are starting out as groom and
bride.

The other dark and narrow, and yet it must be best,
For, sure as fate, these roads at last must meet again.
The one, for some means pleasure, for me, it has no
rest,
Why struggle on this weary way in doubt and fear and
pain.

And if I take the darker one, with cool refreshing shade,
It won't be long till I shall meet all those I truly love

A Weary One

Upon that restful shore beyond, that God for us has
made.

I'll say good bye and go my way and wait for them
above.

Oh, do not think from lack of love I turned aside
And chose another path than yours, this had to be.
My love and life renewed, for you shall e'er abide
And wait for you, 'tis best for you and me.



THE ROMANCE OF A ROSEBUSH.

In a quiet country village, through which the Mohawk flows,
There lived a famous couple, Uncle Aleck and Aunt Rose.
Uncle Aleck, as the neighbors knew, took his toddy now
and then,
But aside from this one failing, he was one of the best
of men.



In the town and through the country, Uncle Aleck had
his way;
He was Judge and Squire and "Capting" on "general
trainin" day;
His word was law and gospel, and had been all his life,
With only one exception, which was Uncle Aleck's wife.

He would bluster, storm and threaten anyone who cross-
ed his path;
The neighbors and the town folks all feared his awful
wrath,
No one ever thought of crossing him, but let him have
his way,
But when at home 'twas different, old Aunt Rosa had the
say.

His house and grounds were noted for a broad expanse
of green;
With the rarest shrubs and roses, our eyes had ever
seen.
The old lady was authority on every flower that grows,
But her delight and pastime, was the culture of the rose.



The Romance of a Rosebush

She had every kind of rosebush that ever had been known;
Moss, Marchiel Neil and Beauties, and some she called her own,
Of every kind and color, of every shade and hue;
You could not name a single one, but what Aunt Rosa knew.



One night old Uncle Aleck had remained out very late,
And with reeling steps had reached his home, but could not find the gate.

“Hic’—now where is all them thundering gates! Hic’—this is mighty queer,
I know I put in—Hic’—lots of gates, but there hain’t a durned one here.”



“Hic’—well I can’t find the—Hic’—pesky gate, so I’ll just climb the blasted thing,
Oh, Lord! my wife is waiting—Hic’—there’s a light there in the wing.”

Uncle Aleck climbing over, landed, pierced by many a thorn.

“Hic’—this beats all my tarnel luck since—Hic’—the day that I was born.”



When Uncle Aleck righted up, he was in a terrible plight.
His clothing torn, besmeared with blood, he really was a fright.

He took off his shoes, stole softly in, and started up the stair,

But Aunt Rosa took him by the ear and led him to a chair.



The Romance of a Rosebush

"Oh! you good for nothing, nasty brute, how dare you
look me in the face;
You vagabond, you idiot, you scum of Adam's race—
Look at yourself, you beast, you dog, you imp of Satan's
blot.
"Oh! to think I ever married such a beastly, drunken sot."

Uncle Aleck rose in self defense, and looked calmly in her
eye,
And said, "My dear—Hic'—jus free your mind, you'll
feel better by and bye.
You can say what you're—Hic'—a mind to, but remem-
ber your old pard
Can lick any gosh darned rosebush you've got in your
front yard."





"My dear — hic' — free your mind, you'll feel better by and by."

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THE SUN'S RAYS.

I come from the source of warmth and light, the hope
of all the earth.

The distant east, chosen by God for our blessed Saviour's
birth.

Each day do I rise and shine for man, to light and warm
his days,

And draw the mists from the cold damp earth with kind
and loving rays.

When I've gathered the waters cold and lifted them up
on high,

In love for man, I warm the clouds, till they fall from
the mellow sky

The Sun's Rays

To clear the air and slake the thirst of the earth that
pants for rain.

Then flowers, they bloom and man takes hope and fields
grow rich with grain.

I'll nourish the roots of the fruit tree, give its branches
power,

And help the struggling pansy and encourage each needy
flower;

Impart fresh hope and vigor to the plant that is weak-
ened by frost

And send my mate, the south wind to rescue those who
are lost.

I will light up earth's dark places and visit the stricken
ones

Who have lived in want and squalor and give them
warmth from the sun;

The world shall not grope in darkness, nor long for
me in vain;

Doing the will of our father, each day I will come again.

I will go to the home of poverty, so cold and damp and
drear,

And carry to them sweet sunshine and glisten in each
tear.

I will fill their hearts with thankfulness, give comfort
unto all

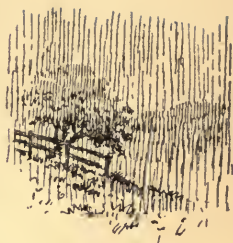
And prove to the world the love of Him, who died for
those who fall.

And when the Master's work shall be done and nature
be complete,

Safe from the icy monster with his blizzard and killing
sleet,

When the plan of God is finished and the soul of man
set free,

Mankind and nature shall be at peace in God's eternity.



ST. PATRICK.

Saint Patrick was our patron saint from heaven sent to
 bless
Poor bleak and barren Ireland, a rock-bound wilderness.
From naught but stones and vipers, on hill and dale and
 fen
He changed it all to the Emerald Isle, the boast of Irish-
 men.

'Twas he that made the Irish harp, that angels love to
 use
And softened harsh and cruel words, to suit the poet's
 muse;
'Twas he that filled poor Paddy's heart with hope that
 never dies
And made of him an Irish-man, in all that name implies.

'Twas he that made the shamrock green and the black
 thorn stick to grow
And coaxed the wind to waft the sweets of heather to and
 fro;
He gave the linnet, thrush and wren the song they love
 to sing
And taught the sun to warm the bogs from winter's cold
 to spring.

'Twas he that gave mavoureen to the brave, bright Irish
 boys
And put the croon in mothers' hearts, so they could sing
 their joys.

St. Patrick

He fired the heart of Emmet too, and nerved O'Connell's
arm;

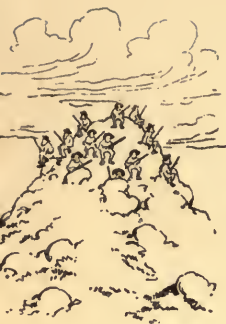
And over Ireland's beauty he spread St. Patrick's charm.

May every soul that loves the green, the shamrock and
the thorn

Be glad he has a memory for the day our saint was born.

May some semblance of the goodness, that with his life
began,

Fill Irish hearts with reverence for this great and God-
like man.



THE BLOOMIN', BLOODY KOPJE.

There was a bloody kopje, and hupon its bloomin' top
A lot of blawsted, beastly boers 'ad 'opped up there to
stop.

These bloody, bloomin', blawsted boers were 'id be'ind
the rock,
And the 'ighlanders 'oo charged the 'ill, they met a beast-
ly shock.



There was a lot of burghers across a bloomin' river,
'Oo, when we crossed the bloody stream made us almost
shiver.

From be'ind each rock and boulder there came a beastly
fire,
To save Hingland's glory and our skins we concluded
to retire.

Our hobjective point was Ladysmith 'oo needed our re-
lief;

But 'eretofore it's 'appened that our hefforts came to
grief,

So Lord Buller 'e's ha goin' hanother way haround
And 'opes 'e'll now be hable, at laust to 'old 'is ground.



Three times we've crossed Tugela by 'is ludship Buller
led.

All honor to 'is glory; to 'is ludship he it said,
The troops be'aved most gallantly and got back safe and
sound—

'E's reported that 'e houccupied dishadvantageous
ground.

The Bloomin', Bloody Kopje

It makes it blawsted hirkesome that we failed to hunder-
stand

The tactics of these burghers, 'oo are such a beastly band.
The blawsted, bloomin' beggars won't come to the hopen
plain;

When we locate the bloomin' beasts we're in 'is traps
again.

It's a beastly, blawsted, bloody shyme—'orrid, don't
cher know—

That the harmy of hold Hingland should 'ave to stoop so
low;

That she's forced to raise ha harmy, that she ne'er did
before,

To hovercome an 'andful of these bloomin', blawsted
boers.

It's a hinjury to our prestige, a damage to our fyme,
It's a fillin' Hingland's 'earts with a bloomin', bloody
shyme.

And the bloomin' bloody Frenchman, the blawsted Rus-
sians too,

Are a floppin' of their wings and crow cock-a-doodle-doo.



THE BRONZE BUTTON.



Each day as I walk the busy street and meet the gray-haired men
Who wear the button made of bronze, that tells where they have been,
Their eyes meet mine in glad response to the welcome of my own,
At once our hearts are warmed by love that was born in sixty-one.

Their step is not so firm and quick as it was long years ago
When, gun in hand, they marched way with their loyal hearts aglow.
But their eyes still have the glint of steel, though years have come and gone,
The same old love now fills their hearts, that begun in sixty-one.

None else but we who shared the strife of battle, camp and field,
Can ever know the love we bear for the men who fought to shield
The nation's life, its very soul, the grandest ever known
That loyal love for the stars and stripes, that was born in sixty-one.

To see that button o'er his heart, like a beacon sure and true,
Shows me a comrade dear to all who have ever worn the blue;
Endured the hardships of the march and in battle fought and won,
To free the union of the curse, that blight of sixty-one.



The Bronze Button

To us this mark of honor dear, we wear upon the breast,
Is a signet far more sacred than a monarch's jeweled
crest;

The symbol of our nation's trust; the hope she leaned
upon

In the struggle 'gainst her life, that begun in sixty-one.

This badge we wear means much to us, 'tis an emblem
we love well;

A token of sweet comradeship and forever it shall dwell
In every heart that loved the flag, made ours by Wash-
ington,

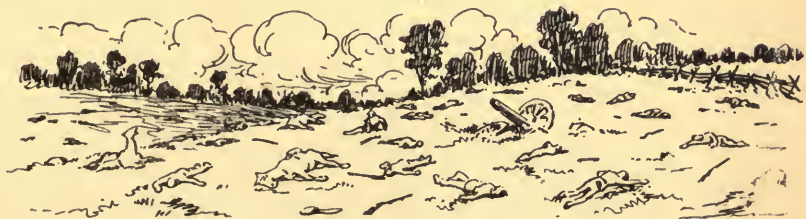
And fought to save the nation's life in the strife of
sixty-one.

All hail to you, Columbia's sons, from north and from
the south,

Who in the war just ended, bravely faced the cannon's
mouth.

The Blue and Gray, thank God, are one, united by His
hand,

One in purpose, one in soul, one unbroken band.



A HOTEL MAN'S DREAM.



I dreamed I had a fine hotel, built by a master hand,
Constructed with such wisdom, 'twas the wonder of our
land.

Its arrangement was so perfect, its appointments so rare,
That all the hotels ever built, with this could not com-
pare.

It stood upon a beauteous plain and yet on rising ground.
Broad lakes and winding, limpid streams were every-
where around.

The air was soft and tempered by breezes sweet and
warm,
And trees of wondrous foliage, protected it from storm.

No speck of dirt was ever found in kitchen, room or hall;
The dining-room was magic-like, the waiters, one and
all,
Seemed just like moving spirits, to divine each want and
wish,
And in the twinkling of an eye, served every guest his
dish.

Our housekeep, was an angel, so gentle and so kind;
My cooks were just like clockwork, never known to be
behind;
The chambermaids were marvels, their like had ne'er
been known;
And the bell-boys simply perfect, and honest, every one.



A Hotel Man's Dream

My guests were so considerate and pleased with what
they got;
They never made comparisons and all that kind of rot.
Just like a love-feast was each meal, from soup clear
down to wine,
And when confronted with the bill, they paid without a
whine.



The clerk who stood behind the desk was beauty un-
defiled,
Of noble birth and lineage, his mother's only child.
My barkeep was a gentleman, of real intrinsic worth,
And I the happiest landlord on the face of "this green
earth."

Oh what a rude awakening, that knock upon my door,
When that infernal bell-boy yells out: "It's half-past
four!"

A weary back and aching heart; a feeling of that dread
Such as only landlords know, when they jump out of
bed.



The kitchen fires are burning low; not a cussed cook in
sight;
My chef is getting over booze he drank so late last night;
The housekeep, she has lost her wings, and has her war-
paint on;
And to get the breakfast ready not a blamed thing has
been done.

The chambermaids are slamming doors, the bell hops in
a row;
My barkeep has turned loafer and is no good anyhow;
The dining-room is tragic-like, the waiters, one and all,
Are acting like the devil and are letting dishes fall.



A Hotel Man's Dream

My guests are kicking constantly, like a bunch of Texas
steers
And the landlord's heart is quaking with mortal dread
and fears;
The "hotel built by master hand" has vanished with my
sleep,
I wish some other landlord had this hotel to keep.

My dream is o'er, the vision gone, alas, that this is true,
'Twas in my dreams, this picture, my sleeping fancy
drew.
But the cares and tribulations, that beset a landlord's
way,
May mitigate his sentence, when we face the judgment
day.



CHARLIE'S CHRISTMAS.

On Christmas morn, with happy heart and purpose well
defined,
He started forth on pleasure bent and Christmas cheer
inclined.
His heart was brimming over with every kind of good
To make his friends all happier, our Charley surely
would.

An invitation came to him the very day before
To come to turkey, goose and duck and luxuries galore,
From friends he knew were up in life and rich in this
world's goods,
And they wished to honor Charlie, well this he under-
stood.

Now Charlie felt like this: "Indeed, I really ought to go
And my appreciation of their kindness to me, show,
But if I do, the live-long day I'll surely have to spend
And sacrifice the pleasure of a host of other friends."

"I'll not accept this summons to that feast of Christmas
cheer,
But go around to all the homes of those to me so dear,
And do just as I ought to do with all my loving heart
I'll give each one a Christmas wish and of my cheer
their part."

So he went down to the Morton to see who he could find
And left the thoughts of that great feast and all regrets
behind.
But strange to say, no one he found, no friendly face
could see,
For everyone was busy with his home and Christmas glee.

Charlie's Christmas

He visited the usual haunts and scanned the passersby,
The club and hotel lobbies too, he viewed with eager eye
No cheering voice with hearty ring made glad that
Christmas morn.

Poor Charlie in his fruitless search was really forlorn.

But full of ready resource and ready wit of mind,
He started out, determined some poor starved soul he'd
find;

Some one who wa'n't invited to fill a Christmas chair;
Some one whose Christmas comfort was as chilling as
the air.

So down the street he wandered on, with no one by his
side,

And when he got to Bridge street, a newsboy Charlie
'spied.

His little face was pinched and blue, his garments worn
and thin,

Then Charlie said unto himself, "I guess I'll take him in."

"Say, won't you buy a paper?" was the little fellow's
cry,

"I jes can't sell a single one, no matter how I try.

Dem fellers, dat I allus sells, dey ain't down town today,
And I must sell dese papers; won't you buy one? Say."

Charlie looked the poor boy over from his head down to
his feet,

And his lip began to quiver, his heart with kindness beat,
"Oh, never mind your papers, you just come along with
me

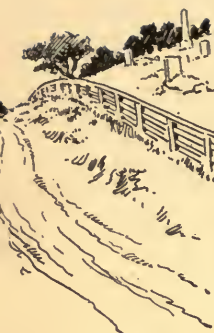
And we'll have a Christmas dinner, if you can't have
a tree."

Charlie's Christmas

The boy amazed, in wonder looked, to hear what Charlie
said,
And grasping firmly Charlie's hand kept up with his
long tread.
“Let's go to Monteith's,” Charlie cried, “where all the
swell folks go,
The Christmas dinner you shall have will set your heart
aglow.”

It did us good to see him with his honored newsboy
guest.
The boy had full attention and was welcome to the best.
The menu laid before him, with goodies without end;
“Now square yourself,” said Charlie, “and eat, dinner
with your friend.”

Like chums they dined together, our Charlie and the boy
Had caught a glimpse of happiness and felt a Christmas
joy.
“Well done, thou good and faithful,” rewarded you
shall be,
You followed out the wish of Him, who died for you
and me.



A BOTTLE OF CHEER.

(To my old-time Friend, Dr. Frank S. Low, Pulaski, New York.)

Doc.—years have rushed us on and on to where we're
old and gray.
Through storm and sunshine, joys and cares, o'er many
a rugged way.
We've dodged the graves by the wayside, that loved ones
had to fill,
And today both you and I are on the other side the
hill.

As we descend the incline and the years slip from our
grip,
Don't let's weaken, dear old boy, but keep stiff our upper
lip,
And now and then just turn our heads and take a blessed
view
Of all the joy of bygone days, just as we ought to do.

Now, Doc., get out your corkscrew, as you did in days
of yore,
Fill up your glass clear to the top, before you cease to
pour,
May the Spirits of Frumenti warm the cockles of your
heart,
And shorten up the weary miles that keep you and I
apart.



SOUSA'S WACHT A'M RHEIN.



Dot time I vas in Baris, ven Sousa's bandt didt blay
Die Wacht a'm Rhein; you pet mine life I dond forget
dot day.

Mine heardt vos full mit habbiness, I nefer vos so proudt
As ven I heardt der beoples schust glap der handts
und shoudt.



I schust stoodt und lookdt at Sousa, mit dot leedle schtick
in handt,
Und ven he vafed it, dwo dree dimes, "Gott in Himmel!"
den dot bandt

Like some mighdy soul of moosick, dot nefer vos pefore
Hat gome to join dot Sousa's bandt, from Gott's eternal
schore.



Den I dond could saw dot Sousa, mine eyes got fulled
mit dears.

I dond gould hear der beoples shoudt, I dond could hear
der cheers.

I dank I saw old Fritz himself, der fader uf our landt,
Und Voltaire, mit Von Blucher too, all marching py dot
bandt.

Den Wagner, Schiller, Schubert und Von Moltke joined
dot throng,

Beethoven, Handel, Bismarck vent marching to dot song.
I dond gould toldt you how I feldt but it vas most define,
Dose feelings dot fulled oop mine heardt fon Sousa's
Wacht a'm Rhein.



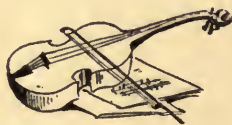
Sousa's Wacht A'm Rhein



Den I heardt der dramp of legions, der food-steps shook
der air,
Each von dot fell mit Vaterloo, day too, vas marching
dare,
Und all der hosts of Germany dot hadt diedt for Fader-
landt
Marchedt to der song of Wacht a'm Rhein, dot day mit
Sousa's bandt.



If dot Sousa dond been German, der schure vas some
mischtake,
Der vay he blayed der Wacht a'm Rhein, der deadt
schust hadt to vake,
No grafes gould efer holdt dem, ven such moosick fulled
der air,
Day schust voked up, like Gabriel's drump hadt blowed
und called dem dare.





"Der vay he blayed der Wacht a'm Rhein, der deadt schust had to vake."

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WM. MCKINLEY.

DER DWO VILLIUMS.

(In honor to our Villium and no disrespect to the Kaiser.)

I vas peen danking pout dose Villiums, vot a tifference
mit der dwo.
Der von vas Villium Braisidentt, 'cause der beoples
madte him so.
Pecause he's peen der nation's schoice, und dis gountry
py dier vill
Saidt Villium, peen our Braisident—ve vant you dot
blace to fill.

The Two Williams

You dond peen king like Kaiser, pecause your fadder he
vas vone,
Not pecause uf royal heritage, or vot your moder tone,
Ve dond did care fon royal plood, fon family name
und chrest—
Schust honest Villium McKindly—dot's vot der gountry
likes der pest.

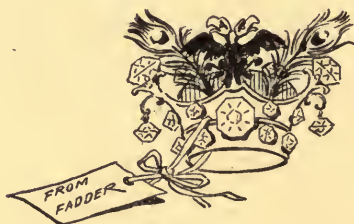
Ve wants a man from der rank und file, dot knows schust
vot ter do,
Mitoudt a crown dots reaty madte, put vas human
drough and drough;
Dot has hat ter vork to got some breadt, und keep away
der coldt;
A mans dot hat to fighdt his vay, und dond did vin
mit goldt.

Und Villium, Got vill helup you make a crown schust
for yourseluf,
Den ven you dond vas braisident, und was laidt up py
dot sheluf,
Ven you peen oldt und feeble, und all your work vas
done
No king vill efer vore a crown, mit some glory like
your own.

Und ven you dook dot oadt uf office und schvore to keep
dot drue,
Dond you peen afraidt mit noddings—Gott und ve stoodt
glose py you.
Und shouldt some nighdts uf drouble come, und you
dond could see der vay,
Der handt of Gott, und der beople's lofe, vill make dot
nighdt peen tay.

The Two Williams

Den dot mightdy host dot lofed der flag, dot vos redt und
vite und plue,
Would call you Villium der Great und Goot, dots schust
vot dey vill do,
Den pow dier headts mid thanks to Gott, dot you vas
peen dier schoise—
Dot you vos peen dier braisident—und all der vorldt
reschoise.



LIFE'S SORROWS AND JOYS.

No eyes with joy have glistened, that
 Have not dimmed with tears;
No heart has ever beat with hope, but
 Has almost stopped with fears;
No soul has ever trusted, but
 At sometime was deceived;
No life has ever yet been lived, but
 What has been bereaved.

No eyes have ever dimmed with tears, that
 Have not shone with joy;
No heart has ever been so sad, that
 Hope did not alloy;
No soul has ever doubted, but
 With trust has filled again;
No life has ever yet been lived, with
 Every day in pain.

'Tis thus that He has ordered the
 Common lot of all;
Into each life some sorrow, as well as
 Joy must fall;
The all of one would never make what
 He made us to be,
But blended, make for us a school for
 Our immortality.

WHAT THE NATION EXPECTS.

The world awaits the coming of labor's millennium day,
When all the barriers, which are its curse, shall be
swept away;
Gulfs that are as deep as hell itself; walls no man can
scale,
Built on the rocks of fallacy, where justice ends and rea-
son fails.

Fails to guide employer and employe alike
Lost in the fogs of senselessness; all prudence lost in
strike;
Striking not for freedom, with manly, strong right arm,
As our fathers struck for liberty, real not fancied harm.

Labor owes this nation,—the grandest under the sun,—
Which has blessed the sons of labor, as no nation has yet
done,—
A debt of love and loyalty, to Columbia justly due,
That should nerve each heart, in all its ranks, to be hon-
est, just and true.

That the world of labor has the right to demand, expect
and ask
That no band of men should ever keep another from his
task
By deeds of cruel violence, by word or acts or deed,
To earn the food his family and hungry loved ones need.

What the Nation Expects

Oh, senseless feud, oh soulless strike, that has no blessed
end;

Which makes a curse of capital, labor's natural friend;
Makes drear the home and empty the hearts of wife and
child;

Blighting the life of the toiler; husbands made mad and
wild.

Is there no abode the two can find in our constitution
grand,

That holds our blessed country safe in its all-wise hand
And make each man its lover, of high or low estate.
A steadfast son of a union, that nothing can abate.

Union, not lost in selfishness, but self forever lost
In the truth that he is greatest who serves the world the
most,

That he who helps the masses, whate'er his station be,
Has won a place in the heart of Him who rules eternity.

That futurity which God shall rule with justice, love and
peace;

Where mercy has no object, for mercy will ever cease
In that land of broader reason where man shall ever be
A man, but yet be God-like, in perfect harmony.

THE PORPOISE.

If you never saw a school of porpoise
Underneath the bows at play,
And every stick of canvas spread—
With her forefoot kicking spray,
A big white bone between her teeth
And a fair wind blowing free,
You have missed one of the rarest sights
Ever witnessed on the sea.

It's a game of rough and tumble
'Tween the big boys of the deep,
A mix-up and a jumble,
Fun and frolic in a heap
Of good natured, harmless creatures—
Oft they fascinated me—
A novel, pleasant feature
On the trackless dreary sea.

From the mizzen top I've seen them,
Full a good sea mile astern,
A coming like a race horse,
With their graceful sweep and turn;
And though the log was showing
We held a ten knot speed,
They were puffing soon and blowing
Dead ahead and in our lead.

The Porpoise

Our old man had been a whaler
From New Bedford, in his time;
A real old fashioned "spouter,"
With his harpoon and his line.
With his back against the bobstay
And his feet upon the guy,
He swore he'd land a porpoise
Or know the reason why.

Pete McGowan at the knightheads,
To pay out and haul the line
And take a safe but running turn,
When the old man gave the sign;
And soon, the harpoon driven
Deep in poor porpie's back—
The old man yelled "Now take a turn,
But be sure and mind your slack."

Then the staff flew from the socket
And the porpoise made a bolt;
The line, it went a hissing,
When Pete cried "I've lost my 'holt.'"
Inboard came old man Cassidy—
I never heard him swear before—
"Call away the second cutter,
"You McGowan pull stroke oar."

The bo'swain piped to braces
And the ship was put about;
The cutter, from the davits dropped
With a lusty cheer and shout.
The old man in the stern sheets,
With the tiller in his grip,
And the cutter's crew all pulling
With a stroke that made her skip.

The Porpoise

The first dog watch was hardly set
When we heard the lookout cry—
“On deck sir, cutter’s sighted.”
The first luff says “Aye, aye.”
“Aloft there, where away,” he yells,
“Two points off the starboard bow.”
“Stand by, some one, to throw a rope—
If you miss there’ll be a row.”

Soon the cutter’s on the davits,
With the porpoise safe on deck;
The old man in his glory,
Poor McGowan, but a wreck.
Now, our doctor was a naturalist
And he viewed with great delight,
When the cook had opened porpie
A young one came in sight.

In a pickle keg, with whiskey,
The fish was stored away,
In care of the doctor’s steward,
’Neath a bunk in our sick bay.
Next day the bo’swain, he took sick,
But in two days he was well,
And only one week later on,
In the sick bay was a smell.

Steward said the keg was leaky,
But the bo-swain winked his eye
And said any kind of specimen
Looked better stuffed and dry.

GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE.

Fences down, the hills were bare of trees and forest semblance;
Where once a stately mansion stood, was only left remembrance
Of what it was, with grand old oaks and shaded lawns—
Nothing left but ruins, black and charred. All gone.

Laid waste by war and battle fierce, which none can tell
But those who lost their all in all. Alas, they knew it well.
Here and there a chimney stack, once a fire place—
Pride of every southern home. A proud and grand old race.

This was old Virginia, as it was that fateful day
When Lee to Grant surrendered and his army went it's way
Toward what had been their home, now bleak and bare—
Children dead, widows lone, nothing left but dark despair.

One of the great commanders, in battered suit of gray,
With jaded horse and heavy heart—homeward went his way;
Oh, what a change he saw, except in sun and sky,
At which he looked with quivering lip and tear dimmed eye.



General Fitzhugh Lee

When in a field—oh, blessed sight, he saw one familiar face—

An aged, bent, decrepid form, one of the negro race.
With trembling hand and tottering step, trying to guide
A plow, with one poor mule, whose ribs showed through
his hide.

Mawnin' sah, Mawnin' sah. Wha's you from sah, ef
you please;

Is you a 'federate soldier—any news, ma heart to ease;
Did you come from Appermattox, what's de news from
Gin'ral Lee?

What, Gin'ral Lee surrendered—doan you say dat word
to me.

I'se know'd dat precious Robert since de dav dat he was
born;

I doan beliebe a word you say sah, please 'scuse my words
ob scorn;

You's simply, sah's mistaken in yo statement made to
me,

Gen'ral Robert neber done dat ting—it must been Fitz-
hugh Lee."



PATIENCE.

There comes a time into each life,
 When hangs a pall
Above our heads and darks the
 Path we tread;
A cloud that chills my heart; keeps
 Me and hope apart.
Feeling the gloom I cannot see, but
 Think it has to be.
I know not why the tears unbidden
 Fill my eye,
Yet groping on and stumbling, try to
 Feel the way
From out the darkness and the night
 Into the light and day.
I even think that God himself
 Cannot be near,
And all alone am I, and almost
 Sink in abject fear.
A nameless pain, I can't explain,
 Or half express,
The hunger in my heart it leaves,
 For tenderness.
And yet no kiss of lips, however sweet,
 Can half assuage,
Or give a taste of bliss, or quench the thirsts
 Within, that rage.

Patience

I search my heart to know the why,
But cannot find
The reason; the cause I do not know.
It dwarfs the mind
And leaves me in despair, so deep I cannot
Think of prayer.
And then with weary heart and soul, I
Seek the open air
And see, perhaps a woman's pinched
And hungry face;
And yet of trouble like my own I
See no trace.
And through the pallor of her drawn
And faded cheek
And 'round her lips, a smile, though faint,
Of patience, meek,
Shows me, so plain, the cause, that
I had failed to see;
And then I catch a glimpse of what is
Lacking most in me:—Patience.

THIS JOLLY WORLD.

"Mama, I sink oo's O, so sweet;"
With longing in its eyes
For another piece of cake and jam,
The little youngster cries.
For a little baby's jolly
This was not so bad;
He'd no doubt, heard his mother
When she had jollied 'dad.'

"I think your dress is awful nice,
It looks so sweet on you;
O, goodness, you have got some gum,
Won't you give me a chew?"
Said a little girl to her friend
Whose dress she had admired,
And with her little jolly,
Got what she desired.

A youth unto a maiden said
"Your eyes like diamonds shine,
Your cheeks are like the red, red rose,
Your lips, they are divine."
The maiden took the jolly,
And put her lips to his,
And so he was rewarded;
His jolly won the kiss.

She sat upon her hubby's knee
And call him 'sweet' and 'dear',

This Jolly World

She told him how she worshipped him,
And tried to shed a tear;
And when she thought the time was ripe,
She told him, sweet and low,
If he loved her as she loved him,
He'd buy her an Aut-o.

'Twas a horrid, squalling young-one,
As all the neighbors knew,
But they never told its mother so,
For that would never do.
Instead, they'd say "the little dear"
And "come and kiss me, sweet;"
The mother thus they'd jolly,
And of her dinner eat.

"Billie, you're looking out of sight,
You are, upon my life;
Can't you dine with us next Sunday?
Come out, and bring your wife;
So long,—hold on, oh, by the way,
Can you loan me a ten?
I will hand it to you later."
Said this jollier of men.

And so this jolly world rolls on,
Without variation;
Men jolly one another,
Nations jolly nations.
Perhaps some people on this earth,
Peter, think to jolly,
And in that way get through the gates,
But they're off their trolley.

THE NORTH WIND.

I spring from the home of the Norseman bold, who centuries ago
Came down from his kingdom and laid the southlands low.

My wings, are swift and tireless, and my mission one of death
To the tender flowers and sturdy plants that perish by my breath.

I sing and whistle with fiendish glee as they stiffen, droop and die,
And laugh at the beams of the mighty sun, that hangs up in the sky.

Tall trees may bloom and flowers perfume in his rays so warm and bright,
But I'll wither his work of years, with my breath, in a single night.

I'll burst the bud of the orange tree and kill the germ of the peach;

Not a blade of grass or spear of grain shall escape my deadly reach;

The lambs and cattle shall shrivel and die; the waters cease to run;

All nature shall halt in terror and appeal in vain to the sun.

I will seek out the home of the widow, who never knew aught but want,

My chill shall compass her children and leave them white and gaunt.



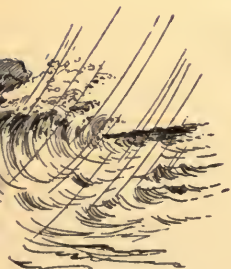
The North Wind

I will put my curse on the farmer's crops, and as long as
time shall last
I will sear and curse the rich and poor, with my cruel,
blighting blast.

No mortal that lives or plant that grows can endure my
awful wrath;
The world's too narrow and far too small to escape my
mighty path.
I'll circle the earth and curdle the sea with the force of
my dread frost,
And over them all will I hover till all that live shall
be lost.



Then leave them for years that they may grow and
recover from the blight,
That I, in my purpose and mighty power, accomplished
in a night.
And when they have reached perfection and flourish un-
der the sun,
I will come again like a Norseman and destroy them
every one.





"No mortal that lives, or plant that grows, can escape my awful wrath."

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"The love my mother gave to me must guide me to the end."

WHAT MY MOTHER IS TO ME.

Once I asked my mother why she wa'n't a boy like me
So she could grow to be a man and sail upon the sea,
And be a famous Commodore and have a lot of ships;
"I would rather be your mother," these words fell from
her lips.

My childish mind knew little of the riches of that love
Which fills a mother's heart with joy from that great
heart above.
God knew what mankind needed most, a love that passes
all,
So like the love that fills the heart, which marks the
sparrow's fall.

Poor is the man whose memory has lost, in the rush of
greed,
The magic of his mother's love and does not feel the need
Of mother's kiss, of mother's hand, her soft and fond
caress,
And seeks to fill that sacred place with another's tender-
ness.

From childhood days to boyhood wild, with careless
heed of thought;
Through manhood's years of joy and hope, with disap-
pointment fraught;
With all the love vouchsafed to man, of wife or child
or friend,
The love my mother gave me must guide me to the end.

What My Mother is to Me

Without her love to start me right upon the road of life,
A thoughtless husband I'd have been, not worthy of my
 wife;
I could not have been a father in all that name implies,
Without her love within my heart, that love which
 never dies.

And now that years have carried me far out upon life's
 sea,
My heart is ever hungering for what my mother was
 to me.
Full well I know she waits for me beyond that unknown
 way,
That I shall have her love unchanged through God's
 eternal day.

AN OLD MAN'S CHRISTMAS.

I was wont to think that Christmas, when I was but a boy,
Was made alone for little folks and their especial joy;
That Santa Claus belonged to us, was ours by sacred right
And down the chimney came with gifts, in the stillness
of the night.



Which one of us has yet forgot our precious boyhood's day,
When we each hung up our stocking and then knelt down
to pray
With mother's hand upon our head, our face upon her knee
And not a doubt that Santa Claus would "sure remember me?"



Though years have brought me on and on, to where I'm
old and gray,
And like a ship far from her course, and hard to find
way,
Yet now and then a star shines out, a beacon sure and true,
The thoughts of home and Santa Claus in childhood
days I knew.



'Tis then my heart grows young again, my eyes grow
dry of tears;
The way seems not so full of gloom, the mind has less of
fears;
The frowns and wrinkles fade away, I do not feel so old;
And the world seems as it used to, when Christmas tales
were told.



An Old Man's Christmas

In the sight of Him who loves us all, God's richest gift
to men,

We are as little children, to the Christ of Bethlehem.
Though time may mark our visage with evidence of age,
Yet we shall all be young again by blessed heritage.

Then a merry, merry Christmas from the little prattling
tongue,

And a merry, merry Christmas from an old man, once
more young.

Let one and all, both young and gray, ring out the glad
refrain;

In spite of fate and lapse of years, today we're boys
again.



DER PULL TOG.

Haf you efer seen a pull tog dat dond did vant ter fight
Mit all der togs he efer meedts, if der onder tog vas
rightdt?

Und yump on all der leetle togs, so fulled mit play und
fun

Und dare dem all mit beaces, oh dot pull tog son mit a
gun.



Haf you efer seen a pull tog mit a kind und bleasant face,
Dot dond did vant to make some vars mit all der ganine
race?

Und dond did dink, mit all der vorldt, he vas der only von
Dot hat a rightdt to own der eardth, und vant a sun uf a
gun?



Haf you efer seen a pull tog dot you vas gladt ter meedt,
Ven you dond did had a gun or club ven walking mit der
streedt?



Haf you efer seen a pull tog dot you did left alone,
Dot dond did makedt sum troubles, you pet mine life not
vone.

Dond you forget, Herr Kipling, dot tog pen hat his tay,
Pimepy he findt an onder tog dots peen petter efery vay;
Den all dose togs vots pig und schmall vas equal efery
von,

Und not till den dot pull tog dond vill peen a snn uf a
gun.



THE CORN BELT.

(July 17, 1901.)



I had heard about the corn belt for years and years and
years;
How the corn stalks grew to such a height one couldn't
reach the ears;
Miles of waving, yellow grain; the tales of monstrous
yields;
That people often lost themselves in passing through
the fields.



I'd heard about the growing time and the time of laying
by;
The sun that shone in wondrous power down from the
corn belt sky;
That when the corn grew fastest was in the dead of
night;
When schoolma'ams kick the bed clothes off, the corn belt
sure was right.

Last night must have been a corker, for corn and for
the belt,
For everything, schoolma'am and all didn't do a thing
but melt.
A breath of air from Hades would have been a boon
to all,
And, I suppose, increased the crop when they shucked it
in the fall.



Sometimes I've been discouraged quite and often home-
sick felt,
For fear I hadn't found the place, the genuine corn belt.
But last night about the midnight hour, when everything
was still,
I nudged my wife and said to her: "This weather fills
the bill."

IN MEMORY OF ORLANDO POWERS.

Not like some rugged mountain so grandly grim and
tall,
Whose icy peaks and frowning cliffs let chilling shadows
fall,
But like some sweet and fertile plain, with shrub and
fragrant flowers,
And rich with fields of waving grain, to bless this world
of ours.

Unlike some forest deep and dark, that little children
shun,
More like some kindly evergreen, sheltering from the
sun
The weary, wayworm pilgrim, on his hot and tiresome
road,
With cooling shade to cheer him on and strength to
bear his load.

As the flowers with dual purpose, give fruit when bloom
has passed,
Ever making springtime sweeter, and cheering winter's
blast.
Doing the will of the Master, the work that He loved
best,
Who said with care for all the world, "Come unto me and
rest."

In Memory of Orlando Powers

A gentle life, but strong and deep, its deepness made it
still,
No babbling brook, with shallow banks a little stream
would fill.
Content to trim his lamp each day, that it might shine
each night
With steady beam, no flickering blaze, but clear and
warm and bright.

There are other hearts and other homes, than at his fire-
side,
Made sadder by his absence, out on that unknown tide.
Orlando Powers was dear to them though dearer far to
you,
Their hearts recall his virtues and hold his memory true.

TO AMELIA DENT TOWER.

One may have the loveliest woman e'er born, to call his
wife;
Be blessed with home and family, but that's not all of
life;
May boast a large relationship and everyone his friend,
But to make his life perfection, a niece completes the
end.

Not a giddy little mischief, nor young and handsome girl
Who dotes on her dear old uncle and keeps him in a
whirl,
That comes and sits upon your knee and fondles your
gray hair
And tells you what a darling and a dear old duck you are.

I've got a host of nieces, and I love them, everyone,
But on one among the number, this old man's badly gone.
My wife is getting jealous, has read the riot act to me,
And said, "Old man, don't you dare take Amelia on your
knee."

She's stylish, but she's not stuck up, has the modesty of
pride,
And has proved herself a woman, I know how she's been
tried.
Now if anything should happen to her Aunt Mary Jane,
I feel she'd be the very one to fill her place again.



THE IRISH FUSILIER.

Be the powers av mud an' the raps of Dunganon,
Thim murtherin boers an' neks filled wid cannon;
Bedad Oi think Kruger's a foxy ould bye;
That his burgers ain't foighters, that's all in yer eye.

Thim divils, the burgers, grait thricks they be doin'
Wid Buller, Gatacre,—may God help Methuen.
An' it's Kimberly nixt, the baists will be takin'—
Be gobs, Saycil Rhodes in his boots must be shakin'.



Phoil murtherin Joubert through Natal's paradin',
On this bloody ould Modder, through throubles
we're wadin.

The baist's forninst Lady Smith cavoortin and prancin—
Oh murther and blazes! they do kape us a dancin.



Oide rayther fight Rooshans, or the bould Soudanaise,
Or thim bloody ould Turks, or the haythin Chinaise
Than a handful av boers in this bloody Transvaal.
Phin yez think yez have got thim, thur not thaire at all.

Oi've fought for ould England agin many a nation,
But boers bate the divil and all his creation.
Wid kopjes and laagers and mobilization
They would dhrive the Ould One to made disperation.

An be gobs! I don't know 'bout the railization
Av England's fond hopes for boer civilization.
The haythins won't civilize; they aich have a gun,
Sure, they moight civilize us afore we git done.

The Irish Fusilier

Now it's almighty foine to be called the Quane's own;
Be a bould fusilier wid your knapsack and gun;
But iode rayther be home on Tiprary's swate bog,
Then be conquered by boers and shot down loike a hog.

Bad cess to ould Rhodes and his colonization.
De Beer's diamond mines may be England's damnation.
It's ther goold they be wantin, phot's in the Transvaal,
Shpite of death an' destruction—that's nothing at all.



T. P. A. AUXILIARY.

'Tis only now and then our lot
With the ladies to change 'places
And take the role they sweetly fill
And imitate their graces.
But the force of their example
Has put us in the notion
That our auxiliary, tonight,
Shall taste of our devotion.

From our President, Will Carter,
To the last man of the Post,
Now, one and all will prove to you
We delight to be your host.
While the T. P. A. Auxiliary
Do us honor as our guest
You girls may press the button, please,
And we boys will do the rest.

But ladies, one thing on your minds
We distinctly would impress;
Just for tonight, we play the role
Of you who wear the dress.
So when all the fun is ended
And washed each plate and cup,
Then off comes our dress and apron
And, girls, the game is up.

T. P. A. Auxiliary

But let us not be frivolous
While we're acting this, our part,
Let one and all in retrospect
Look deep down in his heart
And find therein, as sure he will
That the sweetest things of life
Are fruits of his Auxiliary.
His sweetheart or his wife.

In our sickness and our sorrow,
In disaster or success,
Ever loyal, brave and patient,
Full of woman's tenderness,
She stands erect beside us,
Still unswerving to the last,
She's our hope of all the future,
Sweetest memory of the past.

THE PASSING OF PRESTIGE.

Indeed hit's quite hastonishing the way Hamerica's
grown
She houccupies ha heminance in commerce hall 'er hown,
Hit does seem like Hinglish prestige, hupon the land
hand sea
Is something like that little boy, 'oo climb'd 'igh hup
ha tree,

To see what was the matter there hupon the hother shore,
Hand saw ha lot ha bloomin' things 'ee'd never seen
before,
Ha lot o' 'uman beings, 'oo was busy has ha hant
Ha makin' Hingland's commerce look ghostlike, thin
hand gaunt.

They was buildin' locomotives hand hevery bloomin'
thing,
That Hingland used to make halone hand halways 'ad
full swing,
Till Yankee hingenuity hand heverlasting pluck
Laid ancient Hingland on the shelf hand sent hour trade
hamuck.

Hit's simply most houtrageous, that ha Wade & Butcher
blade
Should be crowded hout of market by one those Yankees
made.
Hit's a bloomin', blawsted, bloody shame—'orrid, don't
cher know—
That Hingland's name and prestige 'as dwindled down
so low.

The Passing of Prestige

The blawsted, bloomin tin plate trust 'as halmost ruined
Wales,
They're beatin' us hin heverything, from ships clean
down to nails,
'Er navy his magnificent, han honour to the sea,
Han' becomes ha hawful menance to Hingland's ma-
jesty.

Those beastly, bloody, bloomin' Boers took the Yankee
has a guide
Han' got the most of Johnny Bull, exceptin' tail han'
'ide.

Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht disgraced by loosin' of the
cup;
We 'ad better 'itch to them I think fore the bloomin' game
his hup.



OUR GOLDEN WEDDING.

After fifty years of wedded life, we plight our vows anew,
Cleaving unto the Master, with love, by His, made true;
Made one in a broader, deeper sense, renewed by us
today,
For Jesus of Nazareth, with His hand, has led us all the
way.

With a love so deep and tender—it reaches all the earth,
And passes understanding; made holy by his birth.
A tie that binds humanity to the infinite Divine
Which only they who feel its power, and God, Himself,
define.

The past with all its crowded years, with many a doubt
and fear,
Has proved to those who trust in Him, that all things
we hold dear
Would only be a vision—an idle, passing dream,
Without His love shown through them all to make them
what they seem.

In Him we live and trust and hope, in that union of the
two,
Is the only source of happiness, when we at last are true,

Our Golden Wedding

Made perfect by His sacrifice, born of His wondrous love
And every heart made perfect by that Great Heart above.

I wonder if that sainted few, now fifty years ago,
Can see, or even catch a glimpse of what their work has
done;

I wonder if unknown to us, they are sitting by our side
Filling our hearts anew with Hope that forever shall
abide.

I cannot turn my mind's eye from a glorious sunlit shore,
And standing on its golden sands, our loved ones gone
before

And a bridegroom, with His outstretched arms, waiting
for you and me,

To wed and weld us all as one, through blest eternity.



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, DECATUR, ILL.

THE BAN OF FATE.

The lower order of creation have their griefs, as well as
men;

From the lion, of the forest king, down to the little wren;
From stately, grand old elk, e'en to the meadow mole;
Beset with troubles and their woes, they too grow old.

The bengal tiger and the kangaroo could tell a woeful
tale,

As dismal as the one we hear in the hungry coyote's wail;
The gentle, timid deer that kings and lords delight to
chase,

With fleetest horse and savage dog, they too run sor-
rows' race.

The patient, plodding ox, spurred on to toil with cruel
goad,

The noble horse, with spirit broken by his too heavy load,
The canine race, abused and beaten by their master, man,
All live and suffer much, and die neath sorrow's ban.

The mighty eagles, soaring high o'er hill and plain,
Their troubles have, like robins, coming home in chilling
rain.

The finny tribe, that lives in waters pure and clear,
Like all of God's creation, they too have much to fear;
The busy, toiling bee, their sweets are stolen by the bear,
They have of drones and tribulations, their full share.
And thus from the lowest life, to man, akin to God.

The whole of His creation must pass beneath His rod.

'Twas He so ordered it—"He doeth all things well"

And in His school of training each bud of life shall
swell

Till it becomes a blossom of lasting sweet perfume
Which e'en all time to come cannot ravage or consume.

THE ANGEL BOY.

We'd but the wan bye, me dear woife and Oi,
And both av us av coorse did adoore him,
So whin he took sick, Oi wint away quick,
Far a doctor to come far to cure him.

'Twas Doctor McFinn who came quickly in,
And av plasters and pills he brot manny;
He looked very wise fram out av his oise
And ramarked thot the lad looked oncanny.

He said thot the bye was loikely to die
Av havin' too mooch anflamation,
There was bot wan thing, and thot was to bring
All the doctors far wise cansooltation.

Oi waited no more, but ran fram the doore
And av doctors and quacks brot a plinty,
They ware av all kinds, also av all minds,
Fram O'Hoolihan down to McGinty.

They stood 'round the bid, aich wan shook his hid,
Whoile wid pain the poor lad was a cryin;
His poolse bates they took, at his toongue took a look;
What they said thin was not iddefyin'.

Wan said, widout doubt the bye had the gout,
But another said "Thot's a dommed lie, Sir,
Joost moind the lad squirm, he have a tape worm,
Now, thot's plain to a man wid wan oie, Sir.

The Angel Boy.

"It's measles," said wan, "what's ailin' yer son;"
"It's roomatics," thin cried out another,
Thin they all turned in and made sooch a din
Thot Oi couldn't hear wan far the other.

But soon they got done and lift, ivry wan,
And the bye, he thin beckoned his mother,
He said angel cake was what caused his ache
And he hoped thot she'd not make another.

He shpoke very low—"Dear mother, Oi go,
Far Oi've but a shart toime to be livin',
And your angel cake an angel will make—
O, Oi hope they don't have thim in hiven."

UNCLE SAM TO COUSIN JOE.

(Written in 1898, during Boer War.)

I've red in lots of papers 'bout Joe Chamberlain, thet air
man
Thet's speakin' out in meetin's 'bout his love for Unkle
Sam;
Thet blood is thicker'n water, thet flows in Saxon veins;
But I hain't hearn tell 'bout this till we had war with
Spain.

I wonder whar thet blood could been a hundred years ago.
I think, ef I remember right, for us it failed ter flow.
Erbout the time of Washington it got so desprit thin,
It wasn't decent water, tho' you claim to be our kin.

No, Cozen Joe, thet won't go down 'bout blood and
kindred things.
We've had our teeth cut long ago. Hain't got much use
fer kings.
The blood you spilt on Bunker Hill, we kain't forget so
quick,
It got so thin about that time, it somehow don't git
thick.

And when we had rebelyon in eighteen sixty-one,
Your blood it got so watery it couldn't stand the sun.
It didn't seem to run our way so warm and thick as now;
So Joe, we'll try to rub erlong—don't need it anyhow.

Uncle Sam to Cousin Joe

You bet thar's one thing sartin, Joe, ef you try to make
a team

Of Unkle Sam and old John Bull, you'll hear the eagle
scream,

'Less you 'dopt ther constitution of these United States
Ther ain't no use ter try ter swing on one another's gates.

Fer ye see we've just got started like and sorter struck
our gait,

We hain't no time ter fool with you, we kain't afford ter
wait,

We've got too many fish ter fry, 'n' while we do our
chores,

We kain't watch France and Rooshy, while you clean
up them air boers.

UNCLE JOE.

Ef ther people knew Joe Cannon as we hev knowed him
here,
Hed seed him livin' right to hum, night onto thirty year,
Jes ev'ry day Joe Cannon, jes as reg'lar as er clock,
They'd know he a wuz full yard wide, the very best uv
stock.

When Joe fust went ter congress, we all fear'd ter hev
him go.
We somhow thort he'd git stuck up, and wood'ent be our
Joe;
Thet in the deal uv polerticks, ther shuff'l er ther game,
He might fergit us all back here. in the race fer plais
and fame.

But he's su'thin' like Abe Lincoln, ter much uv soul an'
heart,
Ter manly, trew an' honist, couldn't act no other part,
In publick life an' private too, but what his life would
show
Thet nothin under heven would change our Uncle Joe.

I'd like ter see him speekur, an' a settin' in thet chare.
An' ef he is, ye bet yer boots thay'll kno' thet Joe is
thare.
He'll jest handle thet air gavil, an' hit as fare and
square
Es eny man thets hed ther job uv holdin' down thet
chare.

Uncle Joe

He won't be no durn'd autercrat, er try ter be a 'zar,
An' eny bill he rules ag'in, yer kin bet ther thing ain't
suar'.

He won't stoop ter dodge ner truckel, but when it comes
to right

Joe Cannon never'll weaken, fust he'll reason, then he'll
fight.

Without hitchin' Joe has allus stood, you never had to
tie him.

An' if the lode was hevy you only had to try him.

No matter heow deep wuz the mud or rocky wuz the rode,
Joe Cannon never yit did balk or fale to pull his lode.

Ef congress turns Joe Canon down, I tell ye what he'll
do,

He'll keep on bein' Uncle Joe, he wun't do nothin' new;
He'll never balk er fly ther track, but keep on trottin'
fair,

An' help to pull ther feller's lode, thet's cocked up in
thet chare.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

The Grand was filled with folks, to hear
The "Swedish Nightingale;"
With the wealth of all the city—
Describing it, words fail.
Next to me sat a white haired man
Who showed the marks of age,
And when he read "Old Folks at Home"
I saw him mark the page.

"Have you heard her sing" I asked, "Down
On the Suwannee River?"
He said "I came for that alone."
With his lips aquiver,
"But Uncle Eph, I'd rather hear
Sing that old song tonight,
Than this famous Christine Nillson—
She cannot sing it right."

"She does not feel the love that lives
Deep in the negro heart;
How dear to him the 'Ole Folks' are,
The whole, and not a part;
She cannot know his longing for
'Dat ribber fah away'
Or why his heart 'am turnin'
To 'whah de ole folks stay'—

Why up an' down all creation',
He did so 'sadly roam',
'Longin' foh de ole plantation',
For 'de ole folks at home;'

The Old Folks at Home

The music and the words are his—
 To no one else belong;
None but an old time darkie
 Should ever sing that song.”

The wondrous “Swedish Nightingale,”
 Sweetest singer of them all!
From her great soul, with matchless voice
 Those glorious notes let fall.
Each heart, its beating seemed to stop
 And strove each breath to still,
So from the sweetness of her song
 Each soul might drink its fill.

As the last note of that melody
 Was dying on each ear—
The old man said with trembling voice—
 Wiping away a tear,
“That woman is an angel, sent
 The world to bless with song;
God gave to her the right to sing—
 To her all songs belong.”

FABLE OF THE LION AND BULLDOG.

A lion and a bulldog, many, many years ago,
Started out in life together, the world to overthrow.
The lion, he agreed to roar, and fill the earth with fright,
And the bulldog was to masticate everything in sight.

This famous pair of quadrupeds, they traveled far and
near,
And sure enough, the world aghast, looked on in mortal
fear.
Wherever bull and lion went upon their fell crusade,
The earth was theirs as sure as fate, as if for them 'twas
made.

But once, and only once, the bull and lion found their
match—
A mighty bird, with awful claws, made them come up to
the scratch
And own that they had found a power, born in freedom's
light,
That lion's roar and bulldog's jaws could ne'er o'ercome
with fright.

Then seas they crossed in mighty ships, to India's burning
strand;
To Egypt's sands; and up the Nile to far Van Dieman's
land;
The Soudanese and Indian race, all felt the lion's paw,
And all the eastern hemisphere was fast in bulldog's jaw.

Fable of the Lion and Bulldog

At last they spied on Afric's plains, a peaceful farmer
 race,
Who'd settled down in hopes to make a nation's name
 and place.
For years they toiled and strove to make a land to call
 their own;
And caught the gleaming and the glow of liberty's glori-
 ous sun.

Now, the lion and the bull dog, rememb'ring years ago,
How that bird with awful claws, laid bull and lion low—
Bull says to lion: "See that bird, oh, see him rise and soar,
If he would only help us now, we might eat up the boer."

But the eagle soaring grandly, from altitude so high,
Looked down upon his old time foe and winked his
 solemn eye.
"Come down, oh noble bird—come down; we are your
 nearest kin,
The blood that fills our veins, fills yours; but he scream-
 ed "That's too thin."

MORAL.

Now, all you lions, fierce and bold, be careful how you
 roar;
Beware, you bulldogs, full of fight, lest you should meet a
 boer.
Your heartless greed of power, give o'er—your longings
 are in vain—
And be content with what's your own; take naught but
 honest gain.

Remember, in the future, to be really, truly great
Is not to trample others down to raise your own estate.

Fable of the Lion and Bulldog

So lion, just before you roar, and bull, before you fight,
Just stop and think it over till you know your cause is
right.

Remember—God made all the beasts that live upon this
earth,
And gave to them inherent rights, made sacred by their
birth;
That you must recognize this fact and give them all their
due,
Or they will rise with one accord and make an end of
you.

FOR HIM.

Gi'me a quart o' whisky—What kind?
 Why the best, you bet,
There's none too fine for me, you know
 That's what I always get,
The oldest made is not too good
 Or dear for me—
I never stickel at the cost, however
 High the price may be.

I guess you better make it two—I'll have
 Company tonight,
And when friends come to visit me
 I do things right;
A box of good cigars, I guess—please give
 Me something swell—
I never entertain my friends but what
 I do it well.

FOR THEM.

What! fifteen cents a pound for coffee?
 Too high, too high,
I can't afford to pay the price, a cheaper
 One I'll try;
The cost of living now, the richest bank
 Would break—
I guess you'd better send a cut of
 The cheapest steak.

YEZ'LL IVER BE TED.

(Written on the day of Wm. McKinley's death.)

Though the office high ye fill,
Ye are the people's Teddy sthill.
Teddy, me darlint, it's up to ye, me bye—
Ye are the hoap an' the sthay, an' the head iv the
nation,
An' to ye thay be lookin' wid tear-stricken oie
In the hour iv their graif, an' grait tribulation.

An' though now president, to Ted we're a turnin'
In disthress, an' in sorrow brot an be the death
Iv that grait an' good man—shure all hearts are a
burnin'
Wid graif for the day phin he drew his lasht breath.

An' darlint we know how haird is your task,
But our Teddy is brave, an' he's strong, an' he's thrue;
An' if throuble comes an ye, God's help ye can ask,
Thin Himself an' our prayers will carry ye through.

Oime so glad that "your aim" is to carry his load
To the plaice he had marked as a saif destination.
Turn your oie and your feet to the ind iv that road,
Ye are chosen iv God for the good av the nation.

CHICAGO RIVER.

Long, weary years I've waited and sought where I might
go,

But found it not, except through dark and dreary
place.

I had no healthful, changing current, but a sluggish flow;

My end, like my beginning, was of short and meager
space.

And yet I've borne it all and daily stood some new abuse,

Condemned by all. Nothing too vile for me to hide.

A thing despised, where all mankind dumped their re-
fuse,

And all men cursed and hated me because I had no
tide.

Now I will purge my banks and bed and be both sweet
and clean,

And be once more the stream I was with waters bright
and blue.

St. Louisward I'll take my flow by shady woods and
prairies green

And make Old Muddy change her color to a brighter
hue.

So murmur not, St. Louis, nor let your heart have fear,

I'll liven up old Mississip and make her good as new;

I'll make you get a move on you when with you I ap-
pear,

And that is what the world all knows you never yet
could do.

TWENTY-FOUR AND THREE SCORE.

At twenty-four, strong though slim,
 Young and stout;
At three score, not so much of vim,
 A little gout;
At twenty-four, on Hope's highway,
 Not much care;
At three score, bald and very gray,
 And not much hair.

At twenty-four, you saw most all
 The lasses;
At three score, of course you can't
 Without glasses;
At twenty-four, our pastime and delight
 Was hunting;
At three score, morning, noon and night
 We're grunting.

At twenty four, the nights were not
 For sleeping,
At three score, nine o'clock to bed
 We're creeping;
At twenty-four, we never thought
 Of growing old;
At three score, how short the lease of
 Life we hold.

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"The Millennium means a time when Peace the scepter shall wield."

THE MILLENNIUM.

Say Grandpa what's the millennium, and what's it going
to do,
And who is going to make it, and will everything be new,
Can you tell me when it's coming, or who is to bring
it here,
Is it going to last forever, or but a thousand years?

My boy you're asking something that no human tongue
can tell,
All I know about it is that God keepeth his purpose well.
What I shall tell you about it is guess work only, my boy,
With your poor old foolish grandpa, but his faith has no
alloy.

The millennium means that time when peace the scepter
shall wield;
When all the wounds of battle and hate and envy will be
healed;
Then wars must cease and the nations bow together with
one accord
To the will of Him whose image we bear, our Master
and our Lord.

The birds will cease to be timid; the beasts to be fierce
and wild;
The winds that have chilled the shorn lamb, will be
grateful, warm and mild;
The fell north wind can never come to ruin the hopes of
earth;
Man will be immortal when the millennium has its birth.

The Millennium

The peaks of the frowning mountains may go down to the
smiling plain,
Then the two would be united, that the earthquake rent
in twain;
The fever stricken lowlands with unwholesome, deadly
air
Shall rise to a higher level, where all is bright and fair.

Then the sea will be in harmony with the stubborn shore,
The waves won't beat against its rocks as they always did
before.

The shore will welcome the coming of the steady flowing
tide;

Old ocean and the earth will be a happy groom and bride.

No mortal can then be cruel, but gentle and just and true,
That roaring lion, the devil will have no work to do.

His existence all forgotten, as though he had never been,
No remembrance, track or trace of him will ever again
be seen.

For the love of God and labor of man shall remove from
earth's fair face

All the faults and imperfections of nature and Adam's
race;

When born, or where, it matters not, if the image of
God he bore,

The laborer, saith He, is worthy, his hire I have in store.

The millennium may be heaven, in a remote and far off
place,

With pearly gates and golden streets, and a spirit look
on each face.

But I love to fancy it being on earth midst all I love so
well,

And there mankind and the earth redeemed, in peace
forever to dwell.

"DAD'S" DELIGHT.

I delight in tavern keepin, and chummin with ther boys,
An takin now an then a hand in ther sorrows an ther
joys.

It's like a string of happiness on a never endin chane.
It's comfortin, an fills my heart in er way I can't explain.

This chane jes keeps a runnin, an "Dad" knoes every
link

An when ma an I get loansum, I scratch my head an
think—

Tomorrow Joe's a comin, and Ben will sure be here,
An Jake an Tom an Billy too, will come our hearts to
cheer.

Ther's thet which comes to er landlord an sorter chirks
him up,

Lightens up his lode uv care, takes the bitter out his cup;
Thet makes him think things hain't so bad and shortens
up the day;

It's ther boys thet tote a sample case, an make the T. P. A.

They haint like the common people thet come ter our
hotel,

A stickin up their noses, an think they're awful swell.
They come an say "Hello, old man," an call me "Pap"
an "Dad."

An if all the push was like em 'twould make my old
heart glad.



Dad's Delight

I had ruther keep a tavern than anything I know.
Than, run er bank, er dry goods store, er some new-
fangled go.
I wouldn't feel 'tall nateral without the boys I had,
An seed em every now an then, an heerd em call me
"Dad."



Ef I shed quit the bizness I wouldnt know what ter do.
I'd be like some pore critur on the hoof without er shoe.
Ma an me'd be somehow lost, like a house without a door,
We'd have ter jest give up the ship 'fore 'twas time ter go
ashore.

THE DECATUR CADETS.

I dreamed I saw the Decatur boys marching down the
street
With steady step to time and tune, that made my old
heart beat
With pride and exultation, that feeling safe and sure
That the welfare of our country would ever be secure.

Some one asked where they were going, I answered, to
the front,
To do the nation's fighting; to stand the burden and
the brunt;
To fill the ranks of the heroes that guard the nation's life;
And carry the grand old Stars and Stripes, with glory,
in her strife.

In her battle for the good of man, for all the ends of
earth,
Imbued with Godlike spirit, that gave liberty its birth;
Who saw and felt the needs of man, born to dare and do
The work of those who own that flag, the red, the white,
and blue.

As I stood and watched the legion, my eyes grew dim
with tears,
But the tears were not of sadness, nor forebodings, nor
of fears;
But blessed tears of thankfulness, that they were our
brave boys;
The hope of all the nation and the pride of Illinois.



The Decatur Cadets



And then my dream revealed to me a mighty Commodore,
Like him whose name our city bears—renowned from
shore to shore.

A pure and Godlike Lincoln, who was born the earth to
bless

The Nation and the world at large, with matchless ten-
derness.

A Grant—with wondrous genius—not more in war than
peace,

Who fought that union of the states should ever more
increase

Until it reached a magnitude of such tremendous worth
That by God's will hath made our land the hope of all
the earth.

Then all things good seemed possible for the boys that
marched that day

To climb the steeps of glory as our God should lead the
way.

I woke to find that thought a dream; in my heart I felt
'twas true

That all our mighty dead achieved, might again be done
by you.

Although 'twas but a vision, I see before me stand
That blessed proof of what I dreamed, the hope of
freedom's land.

True semblance of our nations' host, possessed of soul
and will

To which Columbia pins her faith, her every want to
fill.

“OUR DROUBLES.”

(Read at Hotel Fey, Peoria, Ill., banquet of Illinois Hotel Association, December 26, 1902.)

I dink dot idt vould petter pe, uf ve ben flockedt togedder,
Schust like dose beardts ve readt apout, dot vas von kind
of fedder.

Ve dond Gould ben some Sthanderdt Oils mit mighty
gombinations,
But ve Gould hellup eadch under oudt pecose ve pen re-
lashuns.

Ve vas reladdid py our gares, und many droubles, too,
Und ven ve ben togedder vonce den ve sure somedings do.
Ve all vas bulling mid von robe und vas striking mid
von handt,
Und den ve play mit harmony, schust der same like
Goodman's bandt.

Our droubles vas, ve ben alone, each von has gone his
vay,
Midout some goot advices der tieufel vas sure to bay
From dem dot knows dose droublesomes dot peset a
lendlordt's life
Und makes uf him some foolishness und grazzy mit his
shtrife.

Ven our waiters und our pell-hoptds, und our gooks und
den der glerk
Vos raising blenty hell mid us und don'd did do dere
verk,
Den ve needed gombination of der hodels efery von,
To toldt dem ven day wants a yob—"Nodt from me, you
son uf a gun!"

"Our Droubles"

Der delephone dot vants his bay schust dree months in
advance
Und says noddings put "I'm pizzy," ven to talk you vants
a schance,
Und ven ve vants inshoorance, ve bay der highest brice,
Schust like ve do fon efrydings, fon license down to
ice.

Ven some tedt peat he vas gome along und quvick vas
gone away,
Und schleeb mine pet und eats mine foodt, und schlipp-
ed his mind to bay,
Vot ter teifel goot vas lawyers und der schustice mit
der beace—
I'fe dried dem—und by shinks, I dinks I pen noddings
put a geese.

Dere's no von yedt put Gott himseluf—und I don'd dink
He gould dell—
Like blenty beobles efry tay toldt me how to keep hotel;
But uf ve all togedder gome und schust each der under
tell
How he fall down—und den got up—I dank ve all
done vell.

I moofe und secondt der motion, dot der pest tings ve gan
do,
Dot ve make us gombination und den schvore to geeep dot
doo;
Und vot von don'd der under did und ve all schust pack
him up,
Und den ve got more schveetness dan vas pitter mit
our cup.

THE PROMISE OF NATIONS.

With a God-like purpose for a tranquil earth
That war might die and peace have birth,
The nations together with this object grand
Did meet in unison, hand in hand.

At the call of Russia and her mighty czar,
Renowned in history for conquest and war,
The powers in conclave, for this humane cause,
Said that peace should reign by one code of laws.

They signed this compact and the world looked on
In hope that mercy would rule on each throne;
That the nations would bow in sweet accord
To justice and mercy, the will of our Lord.

That lust for power and greed for domain,
Should never dishonor earth's history again;
That the horrors of war should forever cease;
The earth be made glad in love and in peace.

O, what is the promise of a nation worth
To the widowed and homeless all o'er the earth,
Despoiled of their freedom and in dire distress
Wrought by conquest and war and its bitterness?

When nations are false to their promise and word,
Cut the bonds of peace with the bloody sword;
Then kingdoms shall totter and waste away;
Republics shall rise and justice have sway.

The Promise of Nations

If there's a God in heaven, whose name is love,
Who watches this earth from his throne above:
Come quickly, O Father, fulfill Thou thy word:
"Vengeance is mine—I will repay, saith the Lord."

Shame to you, England, you of Saxon race,
That you should be first, thus to set the pace
Of red-handed war, for conquest and gain,
And forget all honor in your race for domain.

And to thee, fair Columbia, put no blot on thy shield;
Let thy flag never float o'er an unrighteous field;
As thy borders increase, give justice to all;
On thy new found subjects thy mantle must fall.

Extend not thy borders alone for the few;
Over all thy subjects float the "red, white and blue;"
Where'er waves our flag let the world understand
Equal rights to all are vouchsafed by our land.

HOW THEY REGISTER.

He came up to the register in a most important way,
Which said: "I want the very best and have the cash to pay."

He did not have to say a word—only to sign his name,
The man behind the register was "on" to his old stale game.



He stood before the counter with that worn out "chestnut" smile

And said: "I want a rate, please, I shall be here quite a while."

"I may remain a month or two, but can't say just how long,"

And tapped his fingers to the tune of an old-time lovers song.

He scratched his name and blurted out, "What time's the next train north?"

Then grabbed his grips with feverish haste and madly sallied forth,

But presently came running in, and mopped his blood red face,

"Has that bus gone? Oh, blast the luck and this infernal place!"



"Is there any mail for me? Let me see the letters, please."

"I don't think so," the Landlord says, "none for you Mr. Reeves."

"Well, wouldn't that just freeze you?" as he looked the bundle o'er,

"You'll have to cash a draft for me or else hang up the score."



How They Register

"I represent Bonanza King. Shall bill a three night stand;
First-class people, everyone—they're the finest in the
land."

"Ten will double, two are single, twelve go four in one;
Make me a rate of a dollar—I always get that done."

She looked up sweetly in my face, in that confiding way,
And blushing said: "Please sign my name, Mrs. Will B.
Gay."

"I expected to meet my husband, who wrote for me to
come;

It's strange he did not meet me—I wish now I'd stayed
at home."

"Hello, old man! How are you; got a room for me to-
night?"

At once you know he's genuine. Oh, what a blessed sight!
Your heart goes out to meet him with a kind and pleasant
word,

And you give the man of truthfulness, the best the house
affords.



BEN AND JOE.

The two in one, are Ben and Joe—
 Always the same.
It matters not—in weal or woe—
 Always the same.
They seek to share each others load—
 Always the same.
Ben and Joe, brothers on the road—
 Except in name.
Oh, friendship yours, so rare to see—
 Always the same.
Please take in “Dad” and make it three—
 Always the same.



A DREAM OF FREEDOM.

Up from the dust of ages and out of the drift of time,
I dreamed a germ of liberty, God-like and sublime—
Springing to life in hosts of hearts, crushed by tyrant
heel,
Had grown the power of freedom, monarchs should fear
and feel.

Such visions my eyes had never seen, sleeping or awake.
I saw the shades of Herod and Nero quiver and quake;
Cringing before the legions they had pillaged, slaved
and slain,
With blanched and fear struck faces, showing remorse
and shame.

I knew I must be dreaming, yet so life-like and so plain
Did others pass before my eyes, bound to an endless
chain,
That vengeance must run forever dragging them on and
on,
Ne'er to reach their depth of woe, till eternity was done.

And I saw the ghost of Alva, cowering so pale and
gaunt;
I breathed the fumes of church and state, their devilish
creeds and cant;
But my dreams grew bright and brighter, as I kept on my
way;
I saw God's hand write on a wall, "Freedom shall have
her day."

A Dream of Freedom

My dreams revealed a clearer view, with fairer, sweeter
look;

Racks of torture faded away; then came a shepherd's
crook

That once had been a weapon and steeped in human gore;
Then ships that flew no black flag, made glad the peo-
pled shore.

I held the hand of a little child, a wee thing, newly born,
A poor and unknown homeless waif, so puny and forlorn,
But from her eyes I caught the flash, that unmistak-
mein,

The fire God gave to liberty, the world had never seen.

I saw her change from low estate to kingdom without
end;

Her mighty throne the nation's heart, our saviour and
our friend;

I heard mankind from every land ring out sweet Free-
dom's lay,

With one accord and thankful hearts, "Thank God for
Freedom's day."

With waking eyes I saw that flag, with stars from God's
own skies,

With colors blue and red and white, so dear to all our
eyes;

I heard the blasts of bugles loud, I saw the boys in blue,
And knew 'twas Independence Day—no passing dream—
but true.

So true, that every nation, every monarch on this earth
Must respect the Goddess we adore, and recognize her
birth;

A Dream of Freedom

That we, above the nations all, hold rank and power
and place
In the hearts of all creation, beloved of Adam's race.

So true, that every mountain peak, each valley, rock and
rill,
Repeats the wondrous echo and makes each pulse beat
thrill;
With pride that fills Columbia's heart, that words can not
portray;
With the spirit God gave Liberty, we celebrate this day.

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FRANK AND DELL.

I fear not what the future has in store;
 I have no care
For what we may be called to share, on that far shore;
 Death cannot enter there.
Enough for me, a firm abiding faith, without alloy;
 That you and I
Will know each other better there—with deeper joy.
 Our purpose one—to try
To reach a higher life—that blessed goal—
 And find the place
We never gained on earth; though earnest, heart and soul
 While in the race.
I often wonder how to me you will appear—
 If you will know me well,
And laugh and look and be, as when I knew you here—
 That I may call you Dell.
I do not long for changes that are great,
 In you, dear friend;
But in myself, that I may be to you a closer mate,
 And without end.

Frank and Dell

I feel that life on earth is not complete—
 A tale half told;
Which had so much of gall, instead of sweet—
 Of dross, not gold.
Dear Dell, one hope I have, and not a single fear;
 But feeling sure
That all we loved and lost, while living here,
 Will there endure—
All things made plain, all doubting gone.
 That we shall find,
That everything that made us two, instead of one—
 Forever left behind.
Our individuality not less; but deep and strong,
 By being blended,
As rivers make the sea; or notes in groups, melodious
 song,
 As God intended.
When finite mind shall be made pure, by will divine,
 All will be well;
Then we may both be Godlike men, by his design,
 But always Frank and Dell.



“As rivers make the sea.”

MARY MAGDALENE.

Beside the tomb alone she sat, the while
Her watch she kept,
With love so deep within her heart,
While Jesus slept
All through the weary night and
Till the dawn.
Of all the Marys that the Master loved,
She the only one
That waited for his coming,
And without fear,
Nor even doubted once that in the morn to
Her he would appear.
And as the darkness of the night gave
Place to day,
She saw with eager eyes and glad surprise
The stone had rolled away.
With wildly beating heart and swiftly flying
Feet she sped,
In firm belief that he was risen and
Was not dead.
And in the morning's early light, the gardener
She espied,
And lo, 'twas Jesus, and she knew him not,
And weeping cried
To him, and then she heard him saying
Soft and sweet:
"Mary, why weepest thou," and then she knew
And knelt at Jesus' feet.

THE SOURCE OF GOODNESS.

The sweetest, purest springs lie hidden deep within their
cup
And from their unknown depths, to bless the world, come
bubbling up;
The richest mines their treasures hold deep down in
mother earth;
From which, by man's desire and work disclose to us
their worth.
The power that makes the lovely rose to bloom, we cannot see;
The perfect state for which we hope is blest futurity.
The best and sweetest thoughts of man no words can
e'er express;
Or tell a mother's love or half reveal her tenderness
For those who are her offspring and her joy, for them
she lives.
By faith and only faith we try to see the God that gives
To us each breath of air, each hour of light and night of
rest.
We cannot see or know the source of what we love the
best.
Oh blessed faith, that cheers the heart and stays the human soul
Until all things we realize, and time shall cease to roll.

HELEN MILLER GOULD.

Now and then, by the will of God, there comes the world
to bless,
A human soul, in woman's garb, with a mighty tender-
ness.

So broad and searching is her love, it feels the wants of
all,

Akin to His, that reaching far, hears the widow's call.

Out of the shadow, 'neath the sun, by sympathy she
leads;

Her aims and hopes, not all for self, her heart feels
other's needs,

And meets their wants with generous hand with pur-
pose born of love;

Giving to man, at least a glimpse of that great heart
above.

Though modest in her womanhood, yet her light shines
out afar,

And sorrow's night flies from its rays, as darkness from
the star.

God's love shines through her riches, sweet as the haw-
thorne's flower.

By withholding not, she makes the world brighter for its
power.

With words and deeds of kindness to the boys who wore
the blue;

With loving tact and gracefulness, as only she could do,
She helps the world in living; her goodness makes her
fame.

The high and low, with thankful hearts, with love, speak
Helen's name.



UNCLE BEN'S IDEES.

I hain't no call to hip-hooray 'n' throw up my ole hat,
Ner render thanks deown on my knees, er anything like
that,
When the British git a lickin' 'n' England's in er fit,
But when the boers air winnin', then I chuckle jest a
bit.

It's England's idee I serpose to civerlize them all;
Africky's hull shootin' match and cabbage that Transvaal.
'Cos ther's lots uv gold 'n' diamonds way deown in
that air place,—
An' do the'r solem dooty by reclaimin' that air race.

Yer see, boers air narrer-minded, 'n' want ter keep the'r
own.
They think England haint got nerry rite ter rule them
from her throne;
An' jest becos they went deown there ter make er place
ter stay
An' got there first an' made it, that they orter have the
say.

Jest the same es our forefathers thought, you know jest
what they sed:
"When in ther course of humin events we never will be
led,
We'll take ther bit atween our teeth 'n' run away from
you,
By the Conternental Congress 'n' great Jehovy too."

Uncle Ben's Ideas

We took ther bits atween our teeth 'n' we've run ever
sense,
An' when it comes to humin rites we're never on the
fence;
An' I think it's nothin' more'n right that we sh'd be
inclined
Ter tell ther kingdoms on this earth that they air not our
kind.

I sometimes feel so worried 'n' fraid perhaps we've grown
Too big to ware our fathers' clothes 'n' shamed ter put
'em on,
An' kinder think the'r outer date 'n' made too long ergo,
That we air gittin' off ther road laid out fer us ter go.

I hope jest cause we wolloped Spain 'n' took them Filly-
penes
That it won't leave no stains on us that we can't never
clene;
That it won't make us greedy like and lead us all erstray
From the rule and guide first give us, on declaration day.

A CHRISTMAS WISH.



Boys, I wish we had a hotel as big as all out doors,
With wondrous kitchen, matchless cooks, and just no end
of stores;
And then a mighty dining room, that reached out many a
mile,
Yet have it seem just like a home, for comfort, more
than style.

We would a wondrous dinner give, the greatest yet on
earth,
To those we always have with us, God's poor by fate or
birth.
Perhaps He made them poor and weak, so He could
love them best,
So He could say to the wayworn, "Come unto me and
rest."



We would ask the old and feeble, with tottering step and
slow,
Who'd seen the world through bitter tears and lived in
want and woe.
Then we would watch their eyes grow bright, their hearts
forget to sigh,
We would not need to sing that hymn, for God would
sure be nigh.

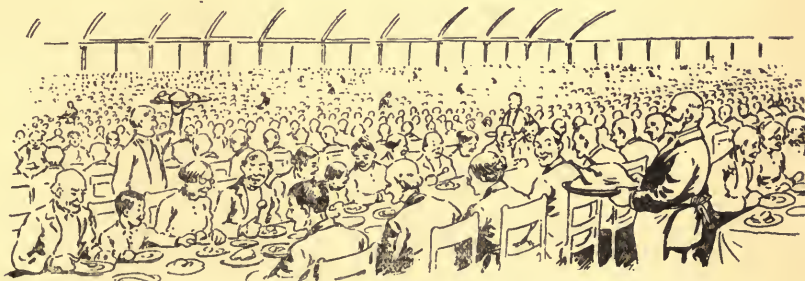
We'd clasp those poor old hands in ours, that toiled so
many years
And never ceased to labor, but to wipe away the tears
Of mother, father, sister, or perchance, a child or wife;
And barely dodged the wayside grave, on their weary
road of life.



A Christmas Wish

Then I would be head-waiter, and "Mine Host," the
traveling men,
Would make these poor old guests of ours, feel they were
young again.
We'd simply all change places with the poor this Christ-
mas day,
And to see that they were waited on, we all would take a
tray.

Perhaps then we might catch a glimpse of a table set for
all,
And an echo of those blessed words upon each ear might
fall:
"Well done thou good and faithful," rewarded thou shalt
be,
You followed out the wish of Him, who died on Calvary.



YOUR GOLDEN WEDDING.

(To Mr. and Mrs. John F. Nash.)

Fifty years of sunshine, with now and then a shade,
Have come and gone, with all their cares, since you were
youth and maid.

Fifty years, with hand in hand you have come along the
way,
With brave hearts, never fainting, you have reached this
golden day.

The hill you have so bravely climbed, with loving step
and stride,
You now can scan as man and wife, with wedded joy and
pride.
Your plighted troth and well kept vows, you took so long
agone,
Your lives today, with love's pure gold are welded into
one.

Have made you one in a broader sense, than fifty years
ago—
One in thought for all mankind, their cares and toil and
woe.
One in love and sympathy for the poor and needy one,
Who has fought the battle you have fought, and so
seldom won.

With hope live on and never faint, nor let your hearts
have fear,
While hosts of friends who love you, wish you God-
speed and cheer.
And join your hands in love again, and plight your troth
once more,
And journey on in love and peace, and reach the golden
shore.

A VALENTINE.

(To the Ladies of Decatur, Feb. 14. 1901.)

Look down from your windy, swate misthress Decatur.

The eyes av your darlint long to see your swate face.

Your Teddy's a lonely an disolait cratur;

Thin please open the sashes and gladden the plaice.

It's alone that I am wid nothin to cheer me

But the loight phare yez air, do glimmer an shoine,

So lave off your cavortin for I'm losht here widout ye,

Phin I think yez will some day be me valentine.

Your naimsake I knoa was a laird av the ocean,

An a grait commodoore, so gran an so foine.

Me heart is a thumpin wid blissful emoation

Phin I think yez will some day be my valentine.

Thin lave off your flirtin, an' flingin an taizen;

Fling open the doors av your heart wide to mine,

And thin its the pain in me heart you'll be azin;

Dear Misthress Decatur, be me swate valentine.

MILLIKIN UNIVERSITY.

Time with its never ending flight, vanishing into the past,
Each moment given to use of man in which the die is
 cast
That moulds his deeds in history, for it's weal or for it's
 woe.
The worth and mission of his life, his works alone must
 show.

And as each atom of time appears, like a breath 'tis for-
 ever spent;
Records are made, acts are done, with good or evil
 intent;
Words that can never be recalled, each thought of love
 or hate,
The evil of which, in the future, education must abate.

And as you lay this corner stone, on which a structure
 shall raise—
An everlasting power for good, as the future shall bring
 its days,
Not vanishing, like the present, into a deathlike past,
But a lasting good to all mankind, that time shall not
 outlast.

Millikin University

'Tis here the mind shall broaden and grow in reason's
honest light;
Errors of darkness dissipate; becoming clear and bright;
Superstition shall be overcome, its bane shall pass away,
Making the future all secure with hope for its coming
day.

Honored is he, by whose name it is known—
The motive that prompted his heart, he has shown—
And those who have labored that this blessing might be
For the good of the world and eternity.



MY GROOM AND I.

History states I first saw light on a bright and sunny morn;

I've heard that 'neath an old oak tree, is the spot where I was born.

My mother was a thoroughbred, my sire a famous horse
With pedigree unquestioned, all authorities endorse.

My life began auspiciously; my name beyond reproach,
None of my kin had ever drawn a plow, or cart, or coach;

Our blood had never mingled with any common race;
To take our name, one had to show the best known trot or pace.



My mother watched me tenderly, with motherly delight;
It seemed as if her life was gone, when I was out of sight.

Her brown eyes full of tenderness, which only mothers know,

Would flash with pride and wondrous hope, as I began to grow.

No matter if she was not born in the palace of a king,
Whose birth a nation hails with joy, and human praises ring.

Her motherhood was just as dear, as fond, as strong and true,

As honest and unselfish as the one that nurtured you.

My colthood days passed swiftly, I grew both brave and strong,

And mother never left me then, for fear I would go wrong.



My Groom and I

Our groom would talk to mother and my praises loudly
sound,
When trotting by my mother's side, on the dear old
pasture ground.



One day the groom to Master said "The colt, 'tis time
to wean."

That day, it was the saddest one that we had ever seen.
Mother begged and pleaded and whinnied with all her
loving heart,

But the groom said: "No, 'tis better that the dam and
colt should part."

And soon, too soon, with shame I say, my groom and
I were one;

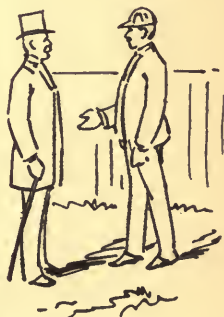
To me he was a brother; then my training soon begun.
He won my heart by tenderness, with loving tact he drew
My heart and love within his own; his will was mine
to do.

No hand but his could touch me, no other had that
right;

Our days were for each other; we slept side by side each
night;

Our hopes were one in common and our fortunes were
the same;

He lived and breathed for me alone; to honor me his
aim.



He made me think that work was play. No other thing
than speed

Was what my nature wanted most, it filled my heart with
greed

To gain a place in history, make sure that glorious fate,
That no horse could be my equal or match my wondrous
gait.

My Groom and I



I never can forget the day my back first felt the whip;
My heart was filled with anger fierce, and with a savage
grip,
The bits between my teeth I grasped, determined I would
show
That I was born of race and blood, that never brooked
a blow.

I reared and plunged with awful rage, my heart was
filled with woe,
And then his voice I heard in words so gentle, soft and
low—
“Whoa Beauty, steady, steady boy, my heart aches for
your pain”—
The bits were loosed, the blow forgot, I loved my lord
again.

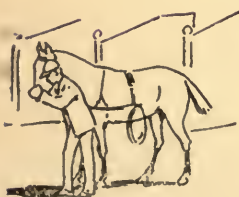


As we jogged on home together, he never spoke a word,
But as he took my harness off, a sobbing sigh I heard.
He smoothed the lash mark softly, like a mother's fond
caress,
Then laid his cheek against my own with loving tender-
ness.

From that day on the lash might fall, I knew it had
to be;
That it never fell in anger, but came in love for me.
It filled my heart with mighty zeal, to courage added
flame;
For I well knew it spurred me on as down the stretch
I came.

'Twas thus we won each victory, and vanquished all who
came
To win from me my laurels, or take lustre from my
name.

But mine was not the glory of all this fame alone,
My groom and I by loves sweet fire were welded into one.



MORG. HAWLEY'S TATER HOLE.

I call to mind, as yesterday, what I will now relate,
It happened in the fifties, down in good old New York
state.

Among the hills and valleys, where the spruce and hem-
locks grow

On the banks of the dear old Sandy, where I lived long
ago.

In this quiet country village there lived a man of means.
Sharp, shrewd and calculating, as many a man had seen
When he come to borrow money and had got from Rat
the loan—

No one had ever made a deal but Erastus got his own.

Precise in all his business, a master of detail,
He always got security—"no man ever beat Rat Hale."
And when he drew a mortgage, every word and line and
clause

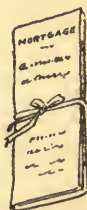
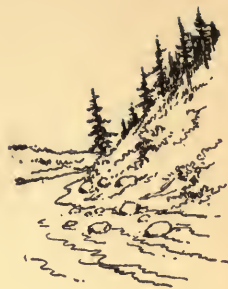
Was made from Rat's own standpoint and "accordin"
to the laws.

One day there came an applicant, Morg. Hawley was the
man;

"Can you loan me thirty dollars?" Says Rastus, "guess
I can,

If you give me security and don't ask too long a space."

"Six months," says Morg., "will do me, with the usual
three days grace."



Morg. Hawley's Tater Hole



“Ye see, I dug my taters, and the price was kinder low,
I thought I better bury till they riz, then let 'em go.
So if you will draw a mortgage on my potater hole,—
There is just a hundred bushels by honest count and toll.”

So Rastus drew the mortgage and Morg. the money
drew,
And chuckled in his quiet way, as Morg. could only do.
When the note came due, Erastus found the “taters”
Morg had sold,
The mortgage covered nothing but Morg. Hawley’s
“tater” hole.





"When the note came due, Erastus found the 'taters' Morg had sold."

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DER KAISER UND UNGEL SAM.

My name vas Kaiser Villium, I vas King of der Fader-
landt,
Dot vas schust like a biece of butty in der mighdy Kais-
er's handt.

Dond you forgot I vas der bower dot lait Von Bismarck
oudt,

Yah, dot's so, I peen Villium, King, I know vot I peen
aboutt.

I dond peen fraidt mit Roosha, dot great pig vooley
bears.

He makes me laugh like anytings, fon beace he makes
dose brayers.

Dot fool, he vants der vorldt to dink he vos schentle like
a sheeb.

Pine -pye der Zar he finds dot oudt, dot I dond peen
ashleep.

Und mit Yon Bull, I vas alrighdt, he vas mine ploom
relations.

Der Kaiser Und Ungel Sam

I know schust how to foolish him, I got der gombina-
tions.

Dot Queen, she peen mine Grandma tear, mit me she
keeb der beace,

I vos her grandschild Villium, dond you dink I peen a
geese.

Und France dond bull togeder, day vas always in a row,
Day vas fightding mit each under oudt und fraidt me
anyhow.

Day dond forgot pout Alsace yedt, und loosing schveet
Lorraine.

She pen hat some sadt oxperience—she dond fightd mit
me again.

Mit Durkey, Greece und Italy, und lieber Austria too,
I vas fulld mit good indentions, Kaiser knows schust vat
to do.

Fon Sbain und all dose under bowers, I dond vas care
a tam,

Der only von vot vorries me ish dot greaidt big Ungel
Sam.

I dond know who dot mans could peen, I dond couldt
findt me oudt,

He make me almost grazy to findt vot he's peen apoudt.
To schtart, he vas Schorge Vashington, den soon some
under man.

Mine droubles vas, I dond could findt schust who vas
Ungel Sam.

He dond peen king like under kings, until he vas gone
deadt,

But right avay quvick in four years—anunder king in-
steadt.

He vas vorse dan all dose under kings, he make me say
py tam.

In United States, by schinks, I dinks efry man vas
Ungel Sam.



STEPHEN DECATUR.

Although years have faded far in to the past;
And men who were great, in their time and their day,
Have long been forgotten, thy fame shall last
Bright as the beam that drives darkness away.

Though nations, like stars that are lost in the night,
So blindly have walked and fallen away—
Our own that you fought for stands boldly upright
In honor, as clear as the sun of mid-day.

Like that rock, Gibraltar, no sea can o'ercome
With storm beating waves, by mad tempest tossed
Gainst its adamant brow and dashed into foam;
Thus thy fame through ages shall never be lost.

Thy motto immortal in story and song,
Thy deeds, not forgotten, live ever in you.
“My country forever, be she right or in wrong”—
In our hearts lies as deep as your ocean of blue.

That night of your glory, a life time was worth,
When your genius and daring arose like a star—
Eclipsing all others and dazzling the earth,
As it shone from Tunis to your country afar

To gladden each heart in your own native land.
No nation before had possessed such a son.
Fore'er thine achievement unequalled shall stand—
Immortal Decatur—and deeds thou hast done.

TO MRS. KATE GALE.

(Saginaw, Michigan.)

How often I have guessed the years that measure your
life's span
As stepping stones across sweet streams, that through
the desert ran
To gladden dreary places and impart fresh beauties new
To everything about you—Now I ask, "How old are
you?"

I know 'tis counted rude, and to you seem out of place,
And I fancy you as saying, with kind yet frowning face,
"The impudence of that old man, no one can miscontrue,"
But Mrs. Gale, I take the chance and say "How old are
you?"

I know I have no right to know the day you came on
earth
But hope the cycle of your years may reach a wondrous
girth.
Don't let the question I propound a cold estrangement
brew,
But Kate, I do so want to know, about how old are you.

As I have said before to you, your age I do not know,
But I reckon you are "twenty," for your husband told
me so.
Now Kate don't be offended, if you are, forgive me, do,
Just think it's only "Dad" that asks, "Say Kate, how
old are you?"

WITH BEST RESPECTS OF MR. GILLIGAN.

(To the Woman's Confederated Clubs of Illinois, on the occasion of their visit to Decatur.)

Phin thay said ye ware comin', me heart wint a thumpin,
For fear wid yer wants, ye wud kape us all jumpin,
From landlord to bell byes, an' housekeeper to clerk.
Thot me cooks an' the maids would be all overworked.

Thot the dinin' room girruls wud go crazy and daft,
Wid so many foine ladies wid their club ways and craft.
But begorrah, your ways air so noice and so aizy,
Oime not worried at all an' not the laist crazy,

Onless wid deloight wid such darlints for guests,
An' be my sowl I doan't knoa phich wan I loike best.
Ivry wan, "Dad" an all, wud loike ye to sthay,
For ye're noicer an' swater than the min onyway.



CARNEGIE'S GIFT TO DECATUR.

Now and then there comes to us, from a land beyond the
sea,

A "braw an' bonnie laddie," an' true as steel is he.
With courage grand and purpose true, his honor loving
best,
Reliant on his manhood, not family name or crest.

Stranger, he lands upon our shores, unknown and all
alone,

With oh, so little but his pluck, that he can call his own.
Unaided, but by his own will, the battle he begins,
With faith in God, he overcomes and manfully he wins.

Toiling on to man's estate, he bears his burden well.
Steadily he moves along with deeds, not words, that tell
That in his heart lies hidden the power to dare and do,
Which spurs him on to action and keeps his manhood
true.

We are breaking ground to place the gift of a generous
heart and hand;

Sweet as the fragrant heather that blooms in his native
land,

Must be the will that prompts him, and the tenderness
that leads

To see and know and fill the wants of what his brother
needs.

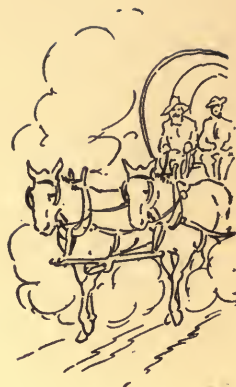
Carnegie's Gift to Decatur

Who can tell of the homeless waifs who shall reach that
higher life,
On steps that he has laid for them, to win by honest strife.
Who can fathom the riches great, and goodness of his
gift?
None else but God, the Father, knows, 'tis he the veil
shall lift.

All honor to this bonnie lad, frae lan' o' banks an' bra'es;
The warl' will gi'e him thankfu' heart through his de-
clinin days;
The future, wi' its millions, will ne'er forget the name,
Carnegie—Scotland's gift to us—'tis goodness makes thy
fame.

AN INDIAN IDYL.

Far out upon the mighty plains,
Where the sun goes down to rest;
Beyond the home of the white man,
The wild and wondrous West;
The land that lures the old and young,
The timid and the bold
To stake their all in a venture
For the glittering, yellow gold—
Risking their lives and future weal,
A father and a son
Had left behind them, home and friends,
And comforts every one,
In the mad pursuit of fortune,
For the treasure of the earth,
Father and son had left behind
Their home and place of birth.
Seated upon the wagon
At the close of a summer day,
As the tired and jaded horses
Toiled painfully on the way,
When by the wayside—Horrors!
A ghastly, dreadful sight—
Lay the corpse of a single Indian,
In the dim, uncertain light.
Dead and alone the red man lay,
Beside the beaten trail,
While far away from the distance
Came the coyote's hungry wail.
"Stop!" cried the old man, feelingly,
"Our duty we must perform,
We must not leave this body, thus



An Indian Idyl

Exposed to sun and storm,
But give this benighted being
A Christian burial, my son,
'Twould be an act of mercy,
And our duty must be done."
Then as the shades of night came down,
They dug a shallow place
To give to this poor and senseless clay—
This son of the red man's race,
A decent Christian burial,
Until the judgment day shall dawn
And the earth and sea give up their dead
And stand before the throne.
Oh! what a touching sight, to see
The father and his son
Thus place in safety, while in decay,
This poor and savage one.
The old man standing at his head,
The son stood at his feet,
To bury an unknown savage,
A sight we seldom meet.
"From my point of view" the old man said,
"He was a mighty chief,
A noble, savage brave, my boy,
This is my firm belief."
"From my point of view, it looks to me,"
To his father, spoke the son,
"Your noble Indian chieftain
Was a thief and son of a gun."



CLARENCE MANN.

He was just a common kind of boy, but one of that
mighty throng
That guards the nation's honor and grandly march
along,
And when their country needs her sons, they rally at her
call
Imbued with the spirit of liberty, and do not fear to fall.

He was only one of the masses, without family crest or
fame,
But he loved his country as his God, with loyal heart
aflake.
He bore the pain of the surgeon's knife, to be fitted for
the field;
That he might join the ranks with those who fought, our
flag to shield.

Relentless fate seemed to dog his steps, to defeat this
luckless boy,
But his noble efforts to wear the blue proved his cour-
age had no alloy.
He fought his battle all alone, as only a hero can,
And proved his love for the starry flag—all honor to
Clarence Mann.

We care not for his lineage, as the world accepts the
phrase,
He wore the blue to honor it—the nation owes him
praise.

Clarence Mann

And she loves her sons she has leaned upon since our
 flag was first unfurled,
And the rank and file of her boys in blue—the grandest
 in the world.

Perhaps, today, this comrade, with those who wore the
 blue,
Is marching on, in sweet accord, to victories grand and
 new;
Achieving what he could not here, when overcome by
 fate—
The master of his destiny, in perfect man's estate.

THE KICKER.

The hotels ain't es good now days,
Et least, I don't think so,
Ez they wuz in the good old days,
'Bout forty years ago.
The landlords put on too much style,
With things thet's got no sense,
A feller gits all mixed up,
Ez a consequence.

They hev them elevators
To take a man to bed,
Thet makes a feller seasick like
Und kind o' out his head;
Folks must be powerful lazy
When they can't climb up stairs—
It 'pears ter me thet they ride up
Jest ter put on airs.

They don't hev no lights ner candles,
To light yer ter yer bed,
But hev these here electric lights,
They're usin' them instead.
The beds ain't stuffed with corn husks now,
Nary a feather tick,
The same like they had years ago,
So nice and warm and thick.

But them new fangled things they hev,
They jest don't 'mount ter shucks,
One way nor the tother,
And I ain't on em stuck.

The Kicker

But when it comes ter vittles, thet
They give yer t' eat,
Great Scott! They ain't wuth a cuss,
They're a confounded cheat.

Potage ah-lah I-tal-i-an,
Stew ah-lah Decatur,
Pie ah-lah Nooberg with mint sass,
Und ju-li-am pertater.
Und then thers them thar finger bowls,
They use now days, instead
O' wipin' dirt off of yer hands
Onter ther table spread.

Give me ther stuff we uster git—
Every day, by golly—
Rump steak, hog meat, sausage,
Without thet thar ah-lah,—
Stewed tripe, corned beef and cabbage, and
Dried apple pie, so slick,
Jest give me plenty of it
Und yer won't hear me kick.

GRACE.

She was only a Salvation Army girl
With smooth, brown hair—no crimp or curl;
No one knew from whence she came
She had only said Grace was her name.

Night after night, on the corner she stood
Wearing the same old tattered hood;
Her voice would crack as she tried to sing
But her notes had something of a plaintive ring.

She prayed the same prayer, in the same small voice.
And in the same story she seemed to rejoice.
Every night of her life she told the same tale
Of a love for her Saviour that never would fail.

One night, with the band Grace failed to appear
And the crowd all thought, why isn't she here,
Then they noticed each one a mourning weed wore
And knew Grace was singing on that other shore.

OLD RECOLLECTIONS.



Since recalling recollections of the days that long since died,

Fond memory, in a loving way, has sat down by my side.
Just like a dear and oldtime friend I had not seen for years

Had come and took me in his arms and charmed away my tears.

And other names, forgotten now like dreams, have come again

To cheat me of my loneliness and rob the hours of pain.
My heart finds sweetest solace in the memory of each one
Who has crossed the deep, dark river, in silence and alone.

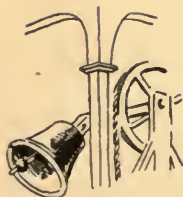
I can see dear Deacon Willis toiling in his woolen mill,
Then waiting, oh, so patiently for the mill-pond to fill.
Bill Wheeler owned the water and poor Deacon had to wait;

When the upper wheel was running he couldn't "hist his gate."

Poor old Uncle Asa Tarble, with mortar board and hod,
Ever ready for discussion of his Unitarian God.

Old Deacon's creed was broad enough the universe to save,

And at his prayers in "meetin" Deacon Harmon, he would rave.



Old Recollections

On every Sunday morning the Presbyterian bell,
With its sharp and brilliant music, I now remember well;
Then the chiming of the Baptist, with deep and solemn
tone,
Would call to rest and worship after one week's labor
done.



I never can forget the sound of David Redway's voice,
T'was a pure and perfect tenor, in which he did rejoice;
The heavy bass of Munson, Mate Redway's tone so clear;
And Lib Bond, with muffled alto, was music sweet to
hear.

I used to envy Harvey Beals, his dashing span of bays;
And Captain Salisbury's uniform, on general training
days;
But Solon's house and Solon's bank, to me they were so
grand,
I thought he was the richest man in all Columbia's land.



Dear Mrs. Solon Hungerford—a sacred name to me—
The night before I went to war, we knelt on bended
knee;
I heard her prayer in my behalf, to Him who loves us all,
That he would keep me safe from harm and never let
me fall.



I remember John H. Whipple, his specs way down
nose;
His "huh, hey, what," and gaiter tops and noisy squeak-
ing shoes.
Alonzo Maxson, fat and sleek, with world of legal lore,
And Elder Dox, whose sermons closed with "lastly, one
word more."

I've not forgotten big Dave Smith, with fat and clean
shaved face,



Old Recollections

Who thought he was the worst used man in all the human race.

He went to law with every one, till the lawyers had his hide;

John Weaver, who would sigh and say "I vow, I am so tried."

I loved to listen to the tales Ike Sanders used to tell,
When he came up with his gray horse, his salmon trout
to sell;

How he had seen Old Sandy Creek with fish so tightly
jammed,

That salmon, in the spring, went back and said "the creek
be dammed."

Dear, funny Rufus Ripley—I once lived 'neath his roof—
roof—

So kind to all the children, his name beyond reproof;
So patient in his sufferings, so gentle and so good,
Is now beyond all cant and creeds, where he is under-
stood.

Perhaps that Deacon Bond and Stone, and dear Rufe
Ripley too,

With all the "unbelievers," under dispensation new,
And all the friends we knew so well so many years
agone,

Are one in God's sweet brotherhood, around his great
white throne.

In a land of broader reason; in the light of God's pure
love,

Where every heart made perfect, by that greatest heart
above,

Has room for thought and liberty, the soul of man set
free,

Will be a man, yet God-like, through all eternity.





"Waiting so very patiently for the mill-pond to fill."

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THANKSGIVING.

May the traveler who dines at our table today
 Feel his heart running o'er with thanksgiving,
And forget all the grief he has met on his way,
 In thanking his stars that he's living.

Then "eat, drink and be merry" and "never say die,"
 Nor bother your heart with life's worry.
Have no care for the clouds though they darken the sky,
 For the storm may be only a flurry.

Then a health to our future, not a sigh for the past,
 Not a tear for that milk or its spilling—
Take hope by the hand, plodding on to the last,
 And you'll sure get the worth of your shilling.

As you go from our door on life's rugged way
 And meet, as you will, those who sorrow,
Try and cheer up their hearts with a bright loving ray;
 'Tis more blessed to give than to borrow.



“THE” SPARROW.

“Cock of the walk” are you, the eaves trough
And the gutter.

You cannot sing a single note of song,
You only sputter.

Cantankerous and savage, a combative
Little cuss,

With a chip upon your shoulder, ever ready
For a fuss.

Without regard for song birds,
Or their right

To live on earth, you rob their nests
Just for spite.

A little bunch of wrath are you, and
Worst of all,

I sometimes, almost think that Satan
“Marked your fall”

With satisfaction, that you had to
Take a tumble

And for all time to come, to be the
Bird most humble.

Aristocratic you can never be,
Among your kind;

When all the nabobs, in the fall go south, you
Are left behind.

The Blue jay, though a thief, he has got
The best of you—

In looks at least—dressed in his dapper
Suit of blue,

With graceful flight he soars where purest
Air is found,

While you, in mud and mire content,



"The" Sparrow

Hop on the ground.
All through the winter long, in cold and
Snow and sleet,
You have to wallow, day after day, with
Frozen feet;
While Robbins, Swallows, Bluebirds and the
Meadow larks,
Are in some warm clime resorting—in
Lovely parks.
And yet, I cannot help admire your
Everlasting grit,
Your courage and persistence in claiming
"You are it."
I love the feathered tribe entire, though it is
Least for you,
Thou little outlaw; not for what you are, but
What you do.



TO JOHN DONALDSON.

Oh speed ye mae buik to Scotland away
The hame o' the heather, green banks an the brae;
May fair wind an tidé, baith gie ye a kick,
Gin ye stop by the way—an make ye go quick,
For John may be lonesome, an his heirt may be sad,
While waitin an watchin for these lines frae his 'Dad';
Ye'll find him in Dumfries—a bonnie Scotch boy—
Tell him 'Dad' sends his greetin frae far Illinois.

Dear John, gin ye open an find ye the page
An look at the face o' mesel, gray wi age,
Ye'll ken 'm nae Scotch, like ye are, me lad,
But me aine John Donaldson ca's me his 'Dad'.
I'm thankfu' at heirt that ye gae me this name;
Sae lang as we live, John, just ca' me the same
An I gie ye my word, though a Yankee I be,
That nae Yankee tricks wull ye e'er find in me.

An Johnnie, me lad, wull ye grant me this boon—
Where sleeps Bobie Burns, who wrote Bonnie Doone,
'Tis there ye maun go lad for your 'Dad' o'er here,
An in riverance o' Bobie, for me drap a tear
An gin ye come back 'twull make me sae glad,—
I may be a bit grayer, but I'll be the same 'Dad',
Ye'll find me no' changed, but always the same
An me heirt wull be cheered whin ye speak the auld
name.

THE PASSING OF A CENTURY.

I'm standing by the death bed of a friend so dear to me
That words cannot express my grief, as through the
tears I see

The heartless hands that rise aloft, upon the clock's cold
face,

To fix the hour and ring the knell that ends the century's
race.

Oh! what a glorious race was yours, for the benefit
of man,

Outstripping all that came before since christendom
began;

Pitted against the monsters of slavery's curse and blight,
You have led the serf and black man into freedom's holy
light.

Abolished narrow creeds and sects, that dwarfed the
mind and heart,

And planted in our souls a love that makes the heart
beat start

With charity for all the world, with a purpose and in-
tent,

With a will that strives in earnest, for mankind's better-
ment;

You have brought us to a higher plane of duty, man to
man,

Removed us far away from hate and superstition's ban,
Revealed to us a hope for man, the past has failed to do,
And taught us peace, "good will on earth", under dis-
pensation new.

The Passing of a Century

Bridled the forces and powers of earth, for ages uncontrolled
And made them serve the needs of man, in him, their chief behold!
The lightnings have made their fiery forms into rays of wondrous light,
To make the darkness daytime, and destroy the gloom of night.

The subtle currents, defying all space, go rushing under the sea,
To carry our thoughts in a breath of time through the world's entirety;
Made earth give up it's treasure to their rightful owner, man,
And made him king, yet servant, as only justice can.

And now as you cease from labor and vanish into the past,
Bequeathing to coming ages a legacy that shall last
As long as time shall onward roll, till time shall cease to be,
Go take thy place of honor, thou matchless century.

TRIXIE.

I don't know why we called him by that name,
Or what his breed, from whom or whence he came.
One night he ran up to me, with a ki-yi and a wail,
Half dead with fright with a can tied to his tail.

Panting, he stopped and looked at me in mute despair,
And in a moment more, with forepaws on my chair;
I never shall forget the thanks he gave me in his look,
When from his stumpy tail, the hateful can I took.
Then soon beneath my chair I felt him softly creep,
And this poor, homeless brute forgot his woes in sleep
From that time on, not even once, did he quit my side;
I could not leave the house at morn or evening tide
But what he followed closely, no matter where I went,
He kept me constant company, so happy and content;
His love and gratitude were mine deep though mute,
That blessed gift of God to man, in his created brute.

One day there came another, as a guest to our hotel;
Trixie darted out the door with that old ki-yi and yell.
More brute than Trixie, this fiend with human face—
This blot upon creation, this curse of Adam's race.

I knew there stood before me, a man that had no heart;
A human being, yet a brute, who acts the fiendish part
Toward man and beast, to all the earth, my little Trixie's
 foe;
The hang-dog look upon his face told me it must be so.
Poor, poor little Trixie, how I long for you tonight;
Gone you are from "Dad" and from his fireside bright.
You gave to me an evidence of gratitude, so true,
That to night it gives me comfort, God gives to me
 through you.

OUR DEPARTED COMRADES.

One by one they are mustering out; daily the ranks grow
thin,
And the legions of those who wore the blue, by death
are gathered in.
Only a few of the loyal hearts that loved their country
dear,
Old and gray, with faltering steps, are those who are left
us here.

Only a few of the boys in blue, compared with that
mighty throng
That took up the nations burden, and bravely marched
along.
Only a few who wore the blue, amidst the battle's roar,
But a glorious host are waiting us beyond the silent
shore.

Only a squad remains on guard—of the grandest earth
has known,
An army of men who fought for love of the flag that
was their own,
Only a few of that loyal band which made our country
great,
But have stacked their arms and are safe in camp within
the pearly gate.

May the spirit that proved our country's hope in her dark
and awful hour,
Spring up anew, at our nation's need, and prove a mighty
nower,
That shall show the world that Columbia's son's make
our country safe and sure—
A nation born of liberty's love, that forever shall endure.

BY AND BYE.

Boys, when you pack your samples and take in hand your
grip

And start out on that journey, which shall be your final
trip,

I am half inclined to think, that by the cares of living,
Your trip will surely end in eternity's Thanksgiving.

I'll tell you, boys, there'll be a change, upon that other
shore;

No packing and unpacking, at some crossroad country
store;

No kicks from those who hire us, 'cause we dated bills
ahead,

But we will be the kickers, and they the kicked, instead.

We won't ride on morning freight trains, but chariots
we will take;

The passenger conductor, I think, will have to brake;

No infernal baggage master, to overcharge excess;

No transfer man to fill your heart with the gall of bit-
terness.

No landlord with his employes, like bell-hops and the
clerk,

Or the housekeep and the steward, can there get in their
work.

We'll make them all do business, as they once made us
do,

And we'll be them and they'll be us for a century or
two.

By and Bye

Here's to the good old adage: "Every dog shall have his day."

While here there's been so many dogs that it couldn't be that way.

But when all things find their level, the dawn will surely break

When they who always took from you will ask you,
"What'll you take?"

MR. GILLIGAN'S OIDEES.

Thay be grait goins on in the Naivey today,
Since the hishtory av it woz towld by Mc Clay.
Thot the loikes av thot mon, wud a pin in his hand,
Coold call Schley a coward an' dishgraise to his land.

A man phich fought battles an great victories won
Phich Mc Clay niver did, not a divel a one.
An' a mon thot the counthry has rayson to thank
Thot sooch a thing as Mc Clay could niver claim rank.

An' thot murtherin Sampson has been afther Schley
Till Schley haz turned an him wud blood in his oie.
An be gobs, I doan't knoa 'bout the railization
Iv the hoaps av the min sakin Schley's digridation.

Av coorse Sampson woz boss but he happened away,
An' Schley, lift behind him, sailed into the bay.
He moight dishobeyed Sampson,—a bad thing to do,
But sure, he did honor to the Rid, Phite an' Blue.

Now iv Schley had been Sampson, an' Sampson been
Schley,

An' iv Schley wasn't about there, an' Sampson cloas bye,
Phin the battle was ragin' ferninst Santiago,
Wud thay been a howl 'bout who licked the daygo?

I think not, be gobs.

Mr. Gilligan's Oidees

Iv Long had ben Teddy, or the saime stroipe az Ted,
Iv'ry thing wud been fair from the fut to the head;
Ivry man Jack an' all, had a whack at the Daygo,
An' the fleet a' helped Sampson to take Santiaygo.

Now moind phot oime sayin', phin thay investigate,
Iv they maike Schley out little, an'make Sampson grait,
Thin the people will rise, so moighty an' gran',
An' give Sampson the frown, an' Schley the glad han'.
An' be gobs, they will onnyway.

UNCLE JOHN SAYS.

Uncle John says
When he was only ten years old
He went up north where it is cold,
On a big boat that catches whales
By tyin' ropes on to their tails;
Uncle John says.

Uncle John says
One day they saw a great big one
And that he shot it with a gun;
He hit the whale right in the snout,
But all it did was jest to spout;
Uncle John says.

Uncle John says
The whale, it spouted up so high
The water reached up to the sky,
And when the water, it came down,
All but my uncle it did drown;
Uncle John says.

Uncle John says
As he was left there all alone,
That now the boat was all his own,
But that his courage did not fail—
He vowed that he would catch that whale;
Uncle John says.

Uncle John says
He took his shoes off and his coat
And jumped right out of that whale boat—

Uncle John Says

He took with him a shingle nail
And swam right up to that big whale;
Uncle John says.

Uncle John says
He grabbed right hold of that whale's tail
And tickled it with that old nail;
The whale, it laughed and swam away
And made right straight for Baffin's Bay;
Uncle John says.

Uncle John says
He saw an ice-berg way ahead—
If they struck it 'twould kill them dead;
He would stop but could not do it,
So the whale swam right straight through it;
Uncle John says.

Next day the north pole he espied
And then with joy he fairly cried;
He made the whale swim to the thing
And tied him there with a long string;
Uncle John says.

Uncle John says
It was so cold away up there
It froze the marrow in his hair;
He left the whale and swam down here—
It took him nearly a whole year;
Uncle John says.

Uncle John says
Peary or some other lubber
Will find that whale and get the blubber;
If any of you doubt this tale
Jest go up there and see the whale.
Uncle John says

UNWRITTEN LAW.

We break unwritten laws, though they should be obeyed,
As well as those we all respect, by legislation made;
Laws no judge or jury ever has, or can enforce
Are broken with impunity, and there is no recourse.
God's great law of harmony, in thought and word and
deed,

Broken and disregarded in the madd'ning rush of greed,
For power and place, by nations, by men and women too;
Done behind a breastwork that justice can't break
through.

The common law of brotherhood and mercy, man to
man,

Becoming lost and obsolete, in intrigue, clique and clan
Of church, of state, society, each seeking their own gain;
Forgetting God's unfortunates, whose appeals are all
in vain,

Forgetting they are His own poor, and ours they ought
to be,

"As ye did it not to the least of these ye did it not to
me."

And yet, alas, we all forget the lesson that He gave,
In living for ourselves alone till we drop into the grave;
Our gain has made us poor indeed, we had to leave be-
hind,

Our store of gold, we lost at last, for those we wronged
to find.

Oh, for the love of the Master man who took the bitter
cup;

That we might follow in his steps, ever on and up.
Who, from the bottom, drank its dregs, then said "Thy
will be done"

And prove mankind, in brotherhood on earth might be
as one.

TO THE QUEEN OF KALIPHS.

(Miss Mabel Wilson, Dallas, Texas.)

I send my greetings to your Queen, oh Kaliphs Great,
And do offer my allegiance true—and duty
To her, your chosen Queen—fair daughter of your state.
A Queen is she by birth, and a Queen in grace and beauty.
Not more in face and form—though wondrous fair I
 trow—

But in the goodness of her heart her reign will tell.
Her dignity as Queen and kindly rule will show
No Queen you e'er did crown will rule as she so well.
Then goodly Kaliphs, one and all, on bended knee—
As Kaliphs of the olden time did homage pay—
And mark, each Kaliph, well, your aim should ever be—
Mabel—your chosen Queen, to honor and obey.

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DEPARTED HEROES.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

No words can speak the good he did,
The glory all his own,
Or tell the love of the nations' heart
For our Godlike Washington.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

JAMES A. GARFIELD. WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

Three grand captains who sailed away
Out on that unknown sea,
Whose waters reach the sunlit shore
Of God's eternity.
Such souls as theirs can never die,

Departed Heroes

They never cease to live
On earth, in heaven, and for all time,
Help, the world they give.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

I wonder if your soul can trace
The links that bind Columbia's race
In union and love, by you foretold,
True as steel and pure as gold.

ADMIRAL D. G. FARRAGUT.

Modest as a woman, but when
They lashed him to the mast,
He became the Nation's hero,
Which time shall not outlast.

U. S. GRANT.

In the purpose of God for good,
By His unerring will,
He gives to the world a genius,
A mighty place to fill.
Magnificent in resource,
When his country needs a son
He rises like a giant,
And the Nation's work is done.

GEN. W. T. SHERMAN.

When you led the boys in blue,
From Atlanta to the sea,
You filled their hearts with love for you
Through all eternity.

Departed Heroes

GEN. PHIL H. SHERIDAN.

For twenty miles, with wondrous horse,
Through valley and o'er hill,
Rode the thundering God of victory.
In the garb of Little Phil.

GEN. GEORGE H. THOMAS.

Rock of Chickamauga;
Grandly you won the name,
But the love of the boys who called you "Pap"
Adds luster to your fame.

BLUBB'RING BILL.

The first boy that enlisted from
Our town in sixty-one,
Was Blubb'ring Bill—we called him then—
Ike Waters' only son.
Of his three sisters Bill was proud,
Marion, Fan and Lil;
While they and all the family
Looked down on Blubb'ring Bill.

They used to send him off up stairs
When anybody came,
And if the parson chanced to call
They never spoke his name.
One day the news was flashed to all,
As if from magic hand,
"Fort Sumpter has been fired upon,"
War had come upon the land.

Next morning when they called to him
To give the hogs their swill,
No answer from the attic room
Where slept poor Blubb'ring Bill.
Said Uncle Ike "I'll wake him up,"
And started up the stair;
Bill's mother said, with trembling voice,
"You won't find Bill up there."

Poor Blubb'ring Bill had gone away
And only left this scrawl:
"Mother, I'm going off to war,
Good bye." And that was all.

Blubb'ring Bill

We rarely ever heard from him
And, then by word of mouth,
When someone came home wounded, on
A furlough from the south.

They said that Bill was doing well
And sent his love to Ma;
He never wrote one of the girls
Or sent a word to Pa.
The Colonel said that Corporal Bill
Was soldier, every inch,
Could always be depended on—
None ever saw him flinch.

He was saving up his money
And often made a loan,
On which he charged a good per cent;
His bank account had grown.
'Twas hinted by the postman
Who opened up the mail,
He wrote a letter to the bank
Each pay-day without fail.

At last the war was over, and
We got the news one day;
The boys had all been mustered out—
Were coming home to stay.
Four years had made a mighty change
In simple Blubb'ring Bill;
The war had made of him a man
Of forceful power and will.

And time had laid a heavy hand
On poor old Uncle Ike;
His step was slow and feeble now—
Seemed weak and childish like.

Blubb'ring Bill

And mother, she had aged so fast,
And showed the marks of care;
The girls were girls and nothing else,
Just what they always were.

Then the boy the neighbors knew
Once as Blubb'ring Bill,
Took up the load and smiling said
"This here's my place to fill."
One day there came a summons, that
A mortgage now was due;
Made by Ike and Betsy Waters—
Bill read it through and through.

Then folded up the summons quick
And this remark he made:
"Jes' say to old man Cunningham
This day it shall be paid."
"Well, who's a goin' to do it? This
I must know and will."
"The man yer lookin' in the eye,
They call me Blubb'ring Bill."

That night when everything was still,
Old Ike crept up the stair,
And in the little attic room
Found Bill and Mother there;
His mother sitting on his lap,
Her head upon his breast,
Sleeping in the arms of Bill,
Just like a child at rest.

Then Uncle Ike, with quiv'ring lip,
Said "Bill, I've lost our place,
It's mortgaged to Dave Cunningham,
I feel I am disgraced."

Blubb'ring Bill

Bill, waking Mother with a kiss,
Called Marion, Fan and Lil;
Soon Father, Mother and the girls
Were hugging Blubb'ring Bill.

"Father, I want to stay with you
And try your place to fill—
I want to live at home with Ma,
Marion, Fan and Lil—
Now girls, you stop, and Pa, you quit—
You're makin' Mother cry—
Jes for tonight I'll be the boss
Or know the reason why."

THE MAN WITH THE HOD.

They be so much talkin' av the man wid the hoe,
But niver a word has been said
Av the man wid a hod, up and down he might go
Wid mud from the ould murther bed.

Yez may sit down wud your pen and your pencil
And honor the poor divel av toil,
But yuze wud know betther phot yez ware sayin,
Av yez had takin his plaice for a phoile.

If yez wud only take howld of that murtherin hoe
And mix murther all day, from the morn,
Begorrah yuide say bad scan to that day,
An wish yez had niver been born.

Oie suppose that haired worruk do be good fur a man
An in wan way it do make him grait,
But it's in muscle and brawn, and phin that is gone
His childer go hungry for mate.

Oim not grumblin an growling wud me lot here below;
Oim not inveyin the naybob his wealth;
But oide loike fur to lind him the loan av me hoe
For part av his goold, phoil he's bettherin his health.



TO W. E. STEARNS.

Perhaps in ages far remote, in years long dead and gone,
That they from whom we take our name, in flesh and
blood were one.

Let you and I accept it as absolutely so
And sail through life in cousin-ship and let the breezes
blow.

And may the winds that waft our ship fair and prosperous be;
With Bode for our pilot we won't get lost at sea.
You'll be the captain, I the cook, Smith to hand and
steer,
And if we don't reach a happy land 'twill be most
mighty queer.

LINES TO C. L. SMITH.

I sat me down one morning and he looked into my face,
When from his heart there came a power which prompted
him to trace
Soft lines and strokes of fellowship, with magic hand so
deft,
That soon upon the surface white the face of "Dad" was
left.

And thus another link is forged in love's unending chain;
Another heart has found mine out to lesson all its pain;
The imprint of my nature will fill his memory true,
And he'll ne'er forget the old man, whose face he kindly
drew.

THE BALD EAGLE OF THE MAUMEE.

I had no chance to know him, only as a guest,
But when I first looked in his eyes, they, from all the
rest,
Seemed different—for as he looked into my own,
New thoughts, his eyes in silence spoke, I never yet had
known
Were mine, and thus I knew our hearts had found
A fellowship between us—new and firmly bound,
A something in his honest look, went straightway to my
heart,
Made it beat a little faster, gave it a loving start
Upon the road to better things—I had never felt before,
My heart was ready then and there to trust mankind the
more.
Less of suspicion, less of doubt, less of selfishness;
More of compassion for all mankind, more of tenderness.
In form he was a giant, yet so gentle and so kind;
About his lips was wreathed a smile that you seldom find;
A face that children never fear; that anyone would trust;
That told you Charles P. Griffin was honest, true and
just.

LINES TO HON. WM. ALDEN SMITH.

(On Receipt of a Photo of Himself.)

A face stands out before me, true semblance of a friend.
A face that wears love's evidence, and eyes that surely
send

To mine sweet proof of fellowship, that brings me
gladness;

And lips that tell me of his love, and robs my heart of
sadness.

I had his presence in my heart, before his likeness came.
But now his features fill mine eyes, loves everlasting
frame

That holds the image of a friend, to me so dear
That thoughts of him will check a sigh, and cheat me of
a tear.

A LETTER TO "DAD."

As I sit here in the city, mid the dust and heat and smoke,
Sit and work and cuss and worry till my heart is nearly
broke,
I can't help but think of you "Dad" and it makes me
awful sad,
And the tears just keep on coming, 'cause I want to go
to "Dad."

I just want to be around there, just be near you for
awhile,
Want to hear your morning greeting, sandwiched in that
good old smile.
I'm near tuckered out with working and just think it is
too bad,
I ain't feeling well this summer and I want to go to
"Dad."

I want to see that hat of yours, as it rests upon your ear,
While you're telling some good story, and the folks stand
'round to hear.
I'd like to hear you sing again—O my, but I'll be
glad
When I can get away from here and spend a month
with "Dad."

Chicago, July 15th, 1899.

C. L. SMITH.

[The above letter in rhyme was received by me several years ago, when I was "mine host" of a summer hotel in Michigan. The writer was accustomed to spend a few weeks with me each summer. The letter is here published at the request of several of my friends.
F. B. "DAD" STEARNS.]

INDEX.

	PAGE
Amelia Dent Tower, To.....	109
Angel Boy, The.....	120
Bald Eagle of the Maumee, The	222
Ban of Fate, The	119
Ben and Joe	149
Bloomin', Bloody Kopje, The	64
Blubb'ring Bill	215
Bottle of Cheer, A	74
Bronze Button, The	66
By and Bye	203
Carnegie's Gift to Decatur	181
Charlie's Christmas	71
Chicago River	133
Childhood's Days	30
Christmas Eve Away From Home	50
Christmas Wish, A	162
Clarence Mann	185
C. L. Smith, Lines to	221
Corn Belt, The	106
"Dad's" Delight	139
Decatur Cadets, The	141
Departed Heroes	212
Der Kaiser und Ungel Sam	176
Der Pull Tog	105
Discontent	23
Dream of Freedom, A	150
Fable of the Lion and Bull Dog	128
Finis	228
For Him and For Them	131
Frank and Dell	154
General Fitzhugh Lee	89
Grace	189
H. B. Walter, To	19
Helen Miller Gould	159

INDEX

	PAGE
Hotel Incident, A	24
Hotel Man's Dream, A	68
How They Register	147
Indian Idyl, An	183
Irish Fusilier, The	110
John Donaldson, To	198
Jolly World, This	93
Kicker, The	187
Letter to "Dad," A	224
Life's Sorrows and Joys	83
Man With the Hod, The	219
Mary Magdalene	157
May The Saints Adore Our Teddy	36
Merchant on the Road, The	8
Millennium, The	137
Millikin University	166
Mince Pie	27
Morg. Hawley's Tater Hole	171
Mr. Gilligan's Oideas	205
Mrs. Kate Gale, To	179
My Brothers Boniface, To	21
My Groom and I	168
New Year's Gift, A	33
No	47
North Wind, The	95
Old Folks at Home, The	126
Old Man's Christmas, An	103
Old Recollections	190
O' Reilly's Cow	42
Orlando Powers, In Memory of	107
Our Departed Comrades	202
Our Droubles	143
Our Golden Wedding	116
Passing of a Century, The	199
Passing of Prestige, The	114

INDEX

	PAGE
Patience	91
Porpoise, The	86
Promise of Nations, The	145
Queen of Gentleness	17
Queen of Kaliphs, To the	210
Romance of a Rosebush, The	54
Sir Knight W. S. Schley	40
Source of Goodness, The	158
Sousa's Wacht a'm Rhein	75
Souvenir, A	44
Sparrow, "The"	196
Stephen Decatur	178
St. Patrick	62
Sun's Rays, The	60
Thanksgiving	195
The Boys, In Memory of	28
T. P. A. Auxiliary	112
Trixie	201
Twenty-four and Three Score	134
Two Williams, The	80
Uncle Ben's Ideas	160
Uncle Joe	124
Uncle John Says	207
Uncle Rube	46
Uncle Sam to Cousin Joe	122
Unwritten Law	209
Valentine, A	165
Weary One, A	52
W. E. Stearns, To	220
What My Mother Is To Me	101
What the Nation Expects	84
Why We All Resemble Washington	34
With Best Respects of Mr. Gilligan	180
Wm. Alden Smith, To	223
Yez'll Iver Be Our Ted	132
Your Golden Wedding	164

FINIS.

For the past sixty years
I've been tortured by fears
That would wear out my tongue to tell;
Spent years on the ocean,
In constant commotion—
To wind up I'm keeping hotel.

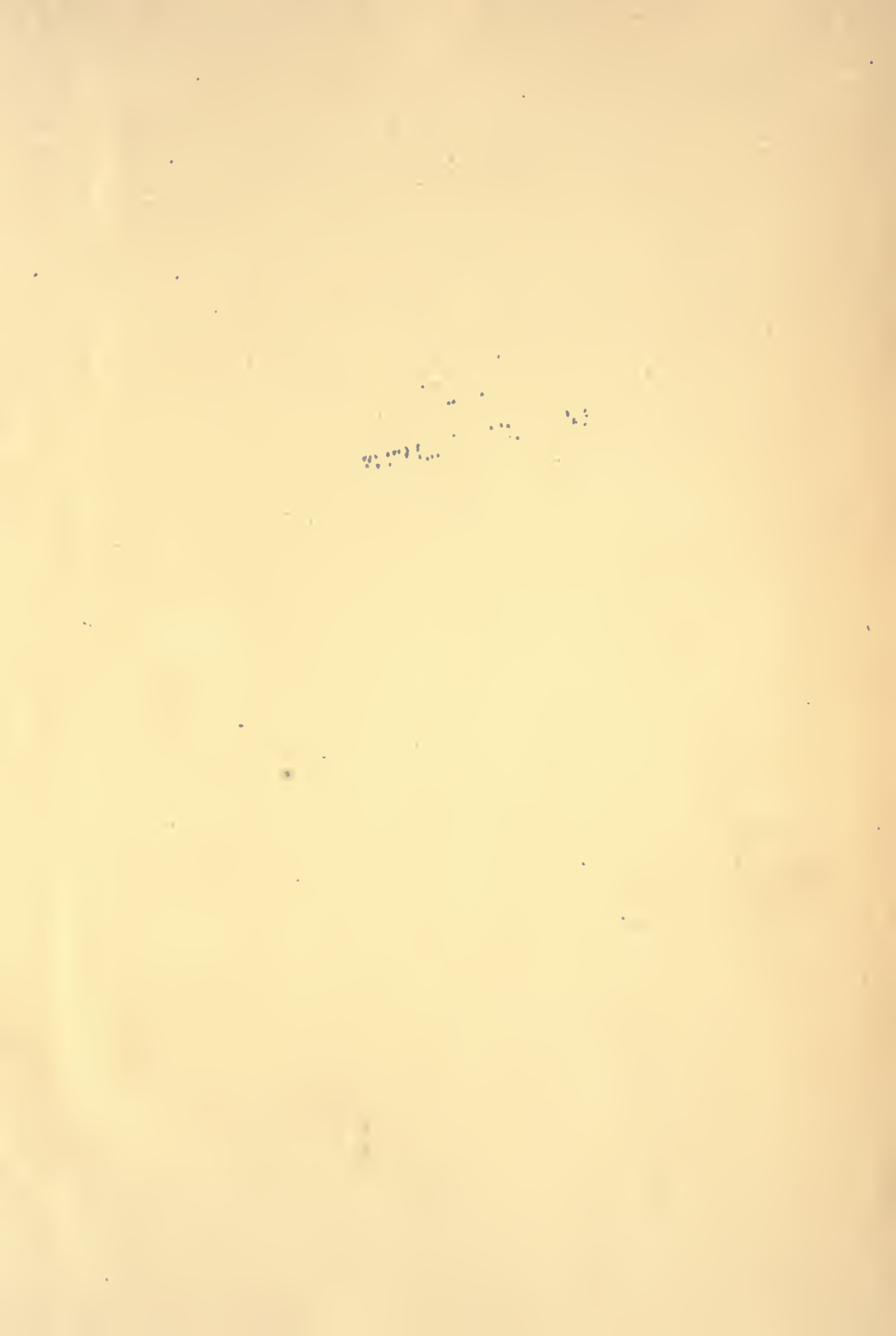
I never had trouble
But what was a bubble,
With ease I could blow up and burst;
But plainly I show it,
In the role of a poet
The mistake that I made was the worst.

Last night, said my wife
"It has shortened my life;
Another book means a divorce."
So in my shirt sleeves,
On the last of these leaves,
I end my poetical course.



"DAD."

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